The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670 OUTFIT 269 NUMBER 2

HBC
Private Commercial Radio Stations
Outfit 269

In Operation, Outfit 268

	Call Letters	Outlet
Cape Dorset, N.W.T.	CZ4T	Nottingham Is.
Cape Smith, P.Q.	CZ4Y	Nottingham Is.
Leaf River, P.Q.	CZ5R	Nottingham Is.
Arctic Bay, N.W.T.	CZ5H	Nottingham Is.
Cambridge Bay, N.W.T.	CY5D	Coppermine
Baker Lake, N.W.T.	CKJ	Chesterfield Inlet
Repulse Bay, N.W.T.	CZ7R	Chesterfield Inlet

To Be Established, Outfit 269

Fort Ross, N.W.T.	CY7L	Nottingham Is.
Southampton Is., N.W.T.	CY7M	Nottingham Is.
Pangnirtung, N.W.T.	CY7N	Nottingham Is.
Wolstenholme, P.Q.	CY7P	Nottingham Is.
Lake Harbour, N.W.T.	CY7Q	Nottingham Is.
Stupart's Bay, P.Q.	CY7R	Nottingham Is.
Weenusk, Ontario	CY7U	Port Harrison
Fort McKenzie, P.Q.	CY7O	Port Harrison
Bathurst Inlet, N.W.T.	CY7S	Coppermine
Walker Bay, N.W.T.	CY7T	Coppermine
Perry River, N.W.T.	CZ2L	Coppermine
Baillie Island, N.W.T.	CY8M	Coppermine
Tuktuk, N.W.T.	CY8N	Coppermine
Great Whale River, N.W.T.	CY8O	Port Harrison
Oxford House, Manitoba	CY8P	Canadian Airways, God's Lake
Little Grand Rapids, Manitoba	CY8Q	Canadian Airways, Winnipeg
Stanley, Saskatchewan	CY8R	Royal Canadian Signals, McMurray
Pelican Narrows, Saskatchewan	CY8T	Royal Canadian Signals, McMurray
Trout Lake, Ontario		Canadian Airways, God's Lake
Eskimo Point, N.W.T.	CY9L	Nottingham Is.
Padley, N.W.T.	CY9M	Nottingham Is.
Igloolik, N.W.T.	CY9I	Nottingham Is.
Fort Grahame, B.C.	CY9H	Finlay Forks, B.C.
Hebron, Labrador	VOWB	Cartwright, Lab.

The front cover map illustrates the position of these stations.

The Beaver

OUTFIT 269 SEPTEMBER 1938 NUMBER 2

From a drawing of Igloolik by Capt. G. F. Lyon of the "Hecla" in 1822, reproduced from Parry's Journal, published in 1824 by John Murray, London.

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. — WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar: single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian north as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs.

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THE HBC PACKET

His Excellency the Governor-General has written the following foreword for the publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society:

"As Governor-General of Canada, and as a student of history, I warmly welcome the publication of the Hudson's Bay Company records. The four centuries behind Canada are as full of notable episodes as any similar period in the chronicles of any country, and it is essential not only that their story should be well told, but that the original records should be preserved and studied. The Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, have, on the whole, wonderfully perfect records, owing to the piety of local scholars; and the Western Provinces are showing themselves zealous in preserving data for their future histories.

"The Champlain Society has placed all lovers of Canadian history in its debt by issuing its magnificent series of the classical documents on the subject. Now, in association with that Society, the Hudson's Bay Company is opening its archives to the student. Hitherto they have been accessible only in small parts. The Hudson's Bay Company is one of the two great pioneering corporations in our history, and the story of the Canadian West and North is not less romantic than that of the creation of British India. It is a great tale, with dark patches in it like all human records, but on the whole a superb testimony to man's fortitude and courage. For nearly two centuries the Company was the principal factor in the administration of half a continent; it has changed with changing times, but it is still a vital element in Canada's life. To the scholar and the citizen alike its records are a national heritage. —Tweedsmuir."

The prospectus of the Hudson's Bay Record Society is now available on request to Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, Canada, or to The Hudson's Bay Record Society, 68, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

The first volume to be published in association with the Champlain Society will be Sir George Simpson's *Athabasca Journal and Report, 1820-21*. The second will be a volume of the correspondence of Colin Robertson, 1817-22. The end of the "Athabasca topic" after the Company's amalgamation with the North West Company in 1821, will be the subject of a third volume.

To those subscribers of taste and discernment who write to praise *The Beaver*—vast editorial thanks. By far the pleasantest file in the cabinets of Hudson's Bay House is the current one entitled *Beaver Comment*. The only possible return for such kindness is through future numbers of *The Beaver*.

This issue is packed with history and the North—the two subjects requested in practically every letter about *The Beaver*. The cover illustrates the Company's northern development of two-way short wave communication with isolated posts. The inside cover page is a key to these stations. Captain Mack writes the early story of the *Nascopie*. He served the Company from 1910, and his reputation for navigating Arctic waters has become a tradition. His story will be continued for several issues. Another Company sailor, Captain Beavis, sheds light on a Russian phase of Company history.

The collaboration formed by Douglas MacKay's radio broadcast on Thomas Simpson and the subsequent story written by Dr. W. Kaye Lamb, of the British Columbia Archives, is a happy one. They have probably said the last word on the young Scottish relative of Sir George Simpson whose fine exploration came to such an unhappy end. Mr. MacKay had read the letters in the B.C. Archives, and believed they pointed to an unbalanced mind which led ultimately to Simpson's death. It may be added that in his correspondence ran a strain of snobbery curiously lacking in the letters of other fur traders of that period. Simpson looked down coldly on the natives, on other fur traders, and, at times in his letters, on the Governor-in-Chief, his cousin, Sir George Simpson. Vilhjalmur Stefansson is including the story of Thomas Simpson in his forthcoming book on unsolved Arctic mysteries.

Memories of the day when Norway House on Lake Winnipeg was the meeting place of the Council of the Northern Department are revived by the unveiling this September of the cairn erected there by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada. A bronze tablet on the cairn tells the story of this historic Company fort where the chief factors and chief traders met with Governor-in-Chief Simpson between 1821 and 1850. Here in 1875 was negotiated Treaty Number Five, by which the Cree and Saulteaux ceded to Canada their possessory rights to about 100,000 square miles in that vicinity. Here Rev. James Evans—"the man who made the birch bark speak"—invented the Cree syllabic system which is still used. Mr. Evans used a primitive press to print this first book issued west of the Great Lakes. R. M. Ballantyne, whose adventure books are still relished by boys, spent two years at Norway House and wrote of it in his first book, "Hudson's Bay." At the unveiling of the cairn, His Honour Judge Howay will deliver the address.

Fur trade posts new and old loom large in the summer news. By air, water and land, men of the Company covered the far north. Most historic of the new posts is Igloolik on Igloolik Island off the northeast tip of Melville Peninsula. Here in 1822-23 wintered an expedition under Capt. William Edward Parry with *The Fury* and *The Hecla* on a North West Passage search. The island is named for the number of Eskimo igloos built on it. Post Manager W. E. Lyons with his supplies reached Igloolik on the R.C. Mission ship *Therese*.

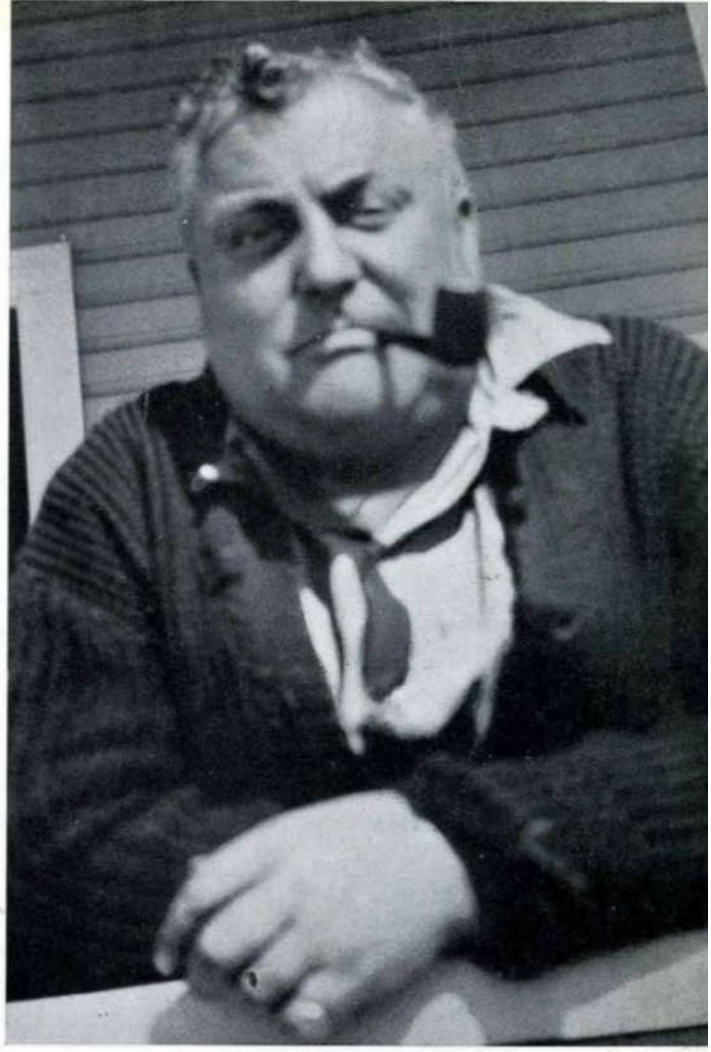
With the establishment of posts at White Horse and Fort Selkirk, the Company re-entered the Yukon, an old trading ground of other days. The first edition (July 13) of *The Prospector*, Yellowknife, oldest and newest newspaper of the North West Territories, notes the building of the Company's new store in this booming, gold-streaked area.

The new motor vessel *Fort Ross* will have travelled at least two-thirds of the way around North America by the time she reaches Coronation Gulf. The entire trip to her trading territory will take her from Halifax through tropic waters to the Arctic Ocean—a long 10,000 miles.

The Nascopie—

For years the only link between the north and the rest of the world. Captain Mack begins a series of stories on her earliest voyages.

by CAPT. G. EDMUND MACK



Captain G. Edmund Mack

THROUGH all the history of the Hudson's Bay Company runs the story of its ships. The temptation is strong to digress from the *Nascopie* of today and follow in the wake of some of those storied ships, successors of the *Nonsuch* into Hudson Bay. Their very names are fascinating, and one of the most enthralling items of the Company's archives is a "Book of Ships Movements."

But this is the story of the *Nascopie*, today's supply ship to the eastern Arctic. By Oxford standards, the *Nascopie* is not history. Newly conditioned for her annual 10,000-mile voyage north, she looks very young. Yet she was built in 1912, has gone north almost every year since, was once a unit in a sealing fleet off Newfoundland, and had a stirring war service trading into Russia.

Captain Edmund Mack was on her first voyage; later he commanded the *Nascopie*. Captain Mack has written his own account of her in his own way. It is sufficient here to note a few details about the *Nascopie* not contained in his personal reminiscences.

The *Nascopie* was named for the Nascopie Indians, nomads who roam the interior of Labrador peninsula east of a line from Seven Islands to Lake Nichikun, and north to Ungava Bay. At the Annual General Court of 1911, Lord Strathcona, then Governor of the Company, announced plans for her construction. Job Brothers, of Newfoundland, were part owners, but by 1916, the Company acquired sole ownership. Since 1933 the ship has remained in Canadian waters.

Built for ocean travel, ice-breaking, and to carry a cargo up to 3,100 tons, the *Nascopie* was required for rapidly increasing eastern Arctic transport. The smaller, historic *Pelican* (290 tons), the even more historic *Discovery*, and their sister ships had not been enough. Moreover, for the needs of the Newfoundland seal fisheries there had been evolved almost inviolable ice-breakers that could voyage north as safely as between New York and Southampton. They had passenger accommodation in addition to large cargo capacity. A new era had dawned in Arctic transport.

So the *Nascopie* was launched, and since 1912 she has been the flagship of the Company's fleet. Going north in summer only, she was also used as a profitable sealer on the Atlantic coast. During the war she carried munitions from France for Russia and Roumania, returning with supplies of Russian wheat for France. Exciting voyages. In 1916 alone she cleared a way through the ice for the French cruiser *La Champagne*. On board the latter were M. Viviani and Mr. Thomas coming back from a conference with the Russian Government. The same summer she made an uncommonly hard trip north, returning to Cardiff in November, and in December was back bucking the ice in the White Sea. The following June she downed an enemy submarine two days out from Archangel on her way to

the Shetland Islands. For this the captain and crew received the thanks of the Admiralty and a bounty for the destruction of the submarine.

Before launching on Captain Mack's reminiscences, it must be pointed out that this is not the history of the *Nascopie*. A book would be required for the full story. Other captains, too, must be mentioned: Captain Smith (1912 and 1914); Captain Meikle (1913); Captain Smellie (1917, and on); Captain Mead (1919 to 1921). Captain Mack was in charge from 1915 to 1917—a vivid period in her travels.

CAPTAIN MACK'S STORY

In 1910, I remember, there were rumours among the crews of the *Pelican* and *Discovery* that a new ship was being built for the Company. In 1911 it was an accepted fact. Many were the discussions as to what she would be like. Would she be as good and powerful as the *Adventure*? The *Adventure* had once or twice passed the *Pelican* in the ice on the Labrador Coast. She used to be chartered each summer by Revillon Frères to supply their posts in Hudson Bay. To be passed in the ice by a ship carrying the opposition posts' supplies was like searing the soul with a red hot iron. The *Pelican* would do her best, but low power and sails and wooden walls had no chance against modern engines and steel. All we could do was to heartily curse the *Adventure* with one breath, and pray for no ice and a good fair wind with the other.

When we made the 1911 voyage to the Bay in the *Pelican* and built Lake Harbour and Chesterfield Inlet posts, we felt that since the new ship was now actually launched, this would probably be the *Pelican's* last trip into the Bay. I was sorry to see what I thought would be the last of the old ship. She had done noble work. Under steam she was slow, and she was also awkward for cargo storage; but she was tough and strong and she could sail. Moreover she was comfortable to live aboard, and many of the crew joined year after year. But that is another story.

Next January, I joined the *Nascopie* at Swan Hunter's Yard. Captain Smith was already there, also the full crew from Newfoundland who were to take her to the seal fishery. My first impression was what a long funnel she had. After looking around, I saw she was a very fine ship indeed; and, thank goodness, she had wooden decks laid above her iron decks—a blessing among the ice and snow when iron decks get too slippery for safety.

We left the Tyne one afternoon, and started down the North Sea. Captain Smith was ill with a bad cold. We were bound for Penarth in the Bristol Channel to bunker with Welsh coal for the seal fishery.

The *Nascopie* steamed well, and we went down the North Sea in great shape. The crew had considerable trouble steering with the steam steering gear. They had been used to steering schooners and the hand gear of the old wooden sealers. Their style was "hard up and hard down and steady." When we arrived off the Newarp and Cross and Light ships, the traffic was very heavy. We just met the colliers bound north from the Thames, and we swung and yawed like a drunken man. We passed the *Newarp* amidst a blowing of whistles from indignant collier skippers who were not quite sure on which side we meant to pass. It looked at one time as if we were going to ram her. I tried my hardest to explain we were not in the ice pack, and to give her as little helm as possible. A mere second mate had to use diplomacy with that crew, who were all skippers and captains among themselves.

Passing Dover we nearly rammed one of the Cross Channel boats which had just left the harbour. Captain Smith's cold was worse, and he kept to his bunk.

We picked up a pilot off the Nash lighthouse, and duly berthed in Penarth Dock. The doctor I got said Captain Smith had pleurisy. Captain Wayte took charge of the ship, and I took Captain Smith across England to Lincolnshire to his home at Eagle vicarage.

Early in May, Cato and I left London with a bunch of sailors, the boatswain and cook. These men had been several years in the *Pelican*, and joined regularly each year. A sort of an agreement was drawn up, and they collected at Lime Street and signed on, and arrangements were made for their advances and half-pay. They consistently arrived at the office feeling cheerful and inviting all and sundry to come out and have one with them. The leader was old MacPhail, the boatswain, who served many years on the *Pelican* and the still older *Erik*.

Next day we left Euston for Liverpool to join the *Pomeranian*, of the old Allan Line, for St. John's, Newfoundland. Taking a bunch of sailors in those days by train was not like running a Sunday school. Cato and I collected them at Euston—most of them hilarious and happy and accompanied by numerous friends, but the full crew was there. By the time we got to Liverpool everything was quiet, and eventually we got aboard the *Pomeranian*.

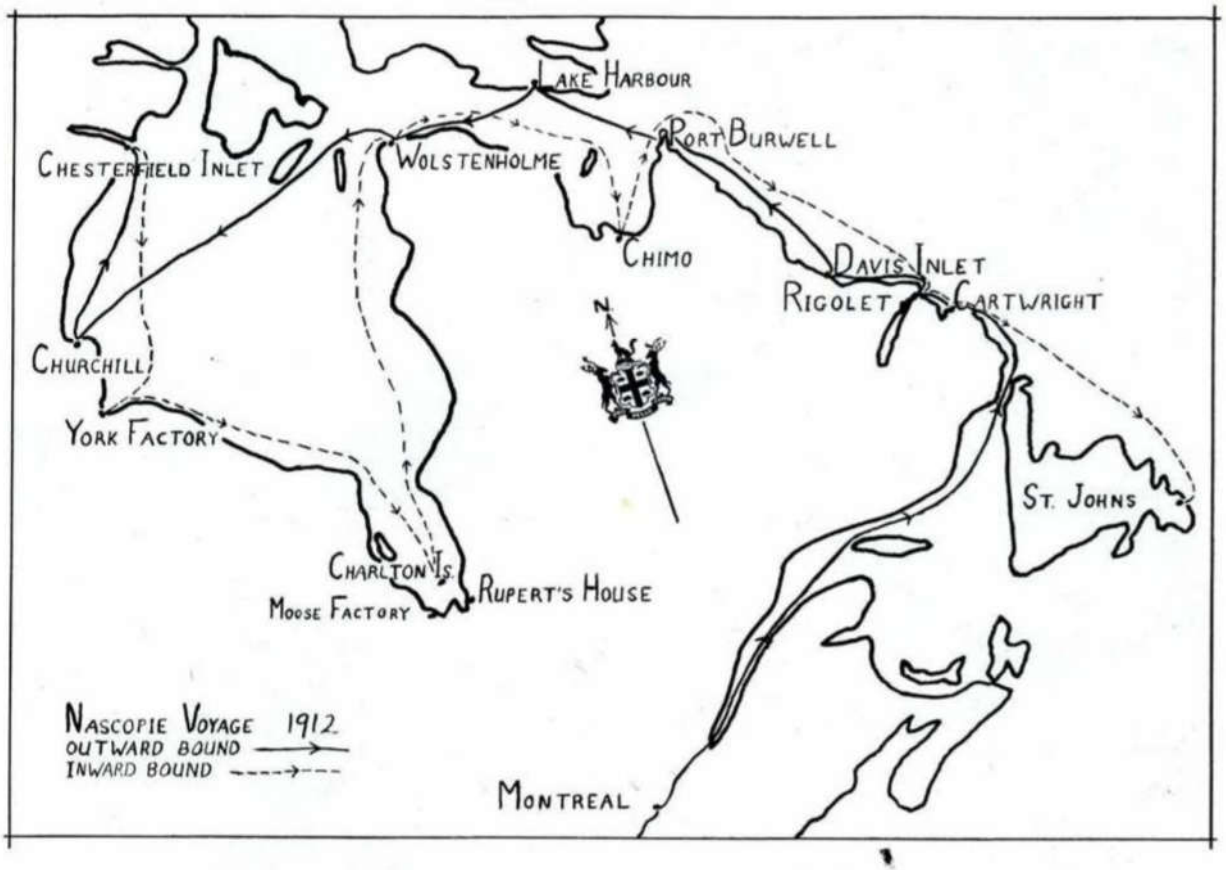
Arrived at St. John's, we found the *Nascopie* off to North Sydney for a cargo of coal. On her return, there was plenty of cleaning to do. The ice beams were put in again: these were twelve by twelve-inch pitch pine logs squared right across the ship, in case of a heavy ice jam. The ship still smelled of blubber from the seal fishing, and we had many arguments as to whether this would affect the food. However, the ship was scrubbed out with strong caustic soda by Job Brothers' shore gang.

The crew were signed on; the engine room and stewarding staff came from Newfoundland, except the cook, who had come over with us from the *Pelican*. Tom Doyle was engaged as nightwatchman. He was then well up in years, with long service as skipper of schooners and a pilot on the Labrador Coast. A magnificent man and a splendid sailor. He was Irish, lovable, courteous in an old-world manner, and enjoyed a good snort of rum. In later years, Tom and I made several voyages north together and became firm friends. Many a good feed of pork and cabbage I had at his house. He is gone now, and we have lost a great-hearted, very human old soul.

We left St. John's with many people to see us off. A voyage north in those days was still an event, and this was the *Nascopie's* first trip.

The trip to Montreal was uneventful; fog as usual rounding Cape Race, but it cleared up at Cape Ray. It was evening when we reached there, and the *Nascopie* finally let go and we had a splendid passage up to Fame Point and on to Montreal.

In Montreal the warehouse was run by that doughty old character, Sam Galbraith. He had been with the Company forty or fifty years. I think at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Company, Sam had served fifty-six years. He lived in the old McGill Street warehouse the year round, and his actual quarters were like some of the



feast days in the Church of England—moveable. When his bed space was needed for supplies, Sam simply shifted it. His teapot, odd plates, and remains of meals perched on top of cases and packages.

We went up to Windmill Point and took on board 1200 tons of coal specially shipped up, and spent a couple of days in dirt and heat. Then we went and loaded at Victoria pier. The cargo was stacked in various lumps for each post.

Sam was in charge of this assembling, and it was marvellous how he restored order from considerable confusion. Some of the goods were carted down from the suppliers direct; some were assembled and packed in the McGill Street warehouse, where Sam was assisted by his brother Will and Andy Brown, a red-headed Scot who had one time been to sea.

The passengers started to arrive. Among them were the Fur Trade Commissioner, Mr. Hall, his daughter and his sister, and with them, Captain Freakley. Ralph Parsons was returning to the Hudson Strait district, just being opened up. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Shepperd were going to Wolstenholme. Two apprentice clerks, Chalmers and Mitchell, were destined for the Strait and York Factory. Two priests were off for Chesterfield Inlet to build a mission. Fathers Turquetil and LeBlanc and Rev. J. Bilby were bound for Lake Harbour, Baffin Land.

This was the first time all the goods for the Bay had gone up in one ship. Large as the *Nascopie* was, we had a very full load and a tremendous deck cargo. The requisitions seemed to have been made out with a view to filling up the *Mauretania* instead of an ice-breaker of approximately 2,800 tons dead weight. It was hot work loading. The same stevedore loaded the ship as loaded the *Pelican* the year before: Pat Doran, a French-Irish-Canadian. Mr. Cato and I spent most of our time down in the holds seeing that the cargo didn't get mixed and the various posts stowed in the wrong places. This took some doing, with French stevedores.

On August 2, we eventually left. Everything had been collected, and all were aboard. I said goodbye to Sam. On Sundays I used to spend an hour or two with him sitting on chairs on the sidewalk outside the McGill office. He was a fund of information. He had known Lord Strathcona, and remembered when they packed buffalo hides in Montreal from the west for shipment to London.

After we left Father Point and dropped the pilot, we ran into fog which continued right through the Straits of Belle Isle and lasted up to the South Wolf Islands. There were plenty of bergs about—not nice travelling.

We called at Cartwright and Rigolet. We had fine clear weather on the coast, and the *Nascopie* made good time. Leaving Cartwright for Rigolet, we went round by the Dog Rocks and inside the Puppy Reef through Packs Harbour and the Horsechaps, Tub Harbour, then into Hamilton Inlet and thence to Rigolet. From there, along the northern shore of Hamilton Inlet, through Cut Throat Tickle and north to Davis Inlet, we had fog and many bergs.

We had plenty of fog after leaving Davis Inlet, and had to go slow because of bergs. The Fur Trade Commissioner got impatient about this, and reminded us the ship did 14.2 on her trials. I explained that dodging bergs at full speed was unwise, as witness the *Titanic* affair which had happened earlier that spring. Luckily in the midst of one of these conversations, we just missed ramming a berg.

The passengers had not much amusement except reading and playing cards. The food was pretty good, and the big ice box supplied plenty of fresh meat.

There was not much ice at the entrance to Hudson Straits. What little there was, the *Nascopie* walked through.

Crossing to Lake Harbour, the pilot Navolia was picked up off Beacon Isle, and we went up the run through the Narrows to the post. Here S. Sainsbury, who had been wintering with the Church of England missionary, Mr. Broughton, came off. He told us Broughton had been frozen during the winter, and was in bad shape. In those days we had no doctor aboard. I went ashore to the Mission with Captain Freakley and Rev. Mr. Bilby. Broughton had been badly frozen indeed. Captain Freakley did what he could to make him comfortable, but we could do little without a doctor. Medicines and books there were in plenty, but no surgical skill. After the cargo had been landed, we took Broughton aboard with Sainsbury to help look after him. Rev. Mr. Bilby remained to attend to the Lake Harbour Mission. It was decided to take Broughton to the C.G.S. *Minto*, surveying in Nelson Roads for the terminals of the Hudson Bay Railway then planned for Nelson. At Wolstenholme, Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard were landed, and we picked up Robert Flaherty, who was prospecting for Mackenzie and Mann. He had gone from Great Whale River across country to Fort Chimo in the winter. Leaving Chimo after the break-up, with four Eskimos, he went up the western shore of Ungava Bay as far as Leaf River, up Leaf and across the Ungava Peninsula out into Hudson Bay, up the Bay coast to Cape Wolstenholme, around it, and then into the post in Erik Cove—quite a trip, when you come to think about it. The four Eskimos and Flaherty's canoe were also taken on board.

Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet were the next posts of call. Chesterfield had been established the year before by the *Pelican*, and we were anxious to learn how they got on during the winter. It had been the same at Lake Harbour. We had speculated too as to whether Navolia would take the *Nascopie*, a much bigger ship than the *Pelican*, up the Lake Harbour run and through the Narrows as well as he had guided the *Pelican*. Navolia never turned a hair nor batted an eyelid, but was calm and cool. When it comes to pilots, Navolia is in the same class as old Partridge was for the Koksoak River going up to Chimo—a pretty high class. To appreciate this, one must see these places at low water, especially the Koksoak River.

We towed a coast boat from Churchill to Chesterfield, one that had come down from Chesterfield earlier in the summer. When we reached Chesterfield, we saw with pride the two buildings the *Pelican* had erected the previous year. Everything was well, and it had been a good year for fur. It was hard work landing supplies, and those for the new mission had been landed in a different place from the post supplies. The post had a particularly bad beach. Humping cargo on your back, in water up to the waist, was cold work till you got used to it. The *Nascopie* searchlight made a vast improvement on the *Pelican*.

The new mission was to be one building, church and house combined. Plenty of natives had congregated, so there was lots of assistance. Most of them had been some time with the Scottish and American whalers. Some had a smattering of English and well known names like Billy Bedamned, John S. Sullivan, and others not so respectable. They wanted to hold a dance but we didn't have time.

Leaving Chesterfield Inlet, we ran into a very heavy north-easterly gale with a nasty sea about on our port beam. The sea was made worse by strong tides running. The *Nascopie*, having no bilge keels in those days and being a bit light, showed us exactly what she could do in the way of rolling. Furniture shot out and spread clothes on the deck. Pantry and galley were a continual clash of crockery, mingled with curses and tragic appeals to heaven from the cooks and stewards. Hearing a great uproar in the saloon about two one morning, I went down. The large upright medicine chest had been torn from its moorings and crashed over. Medicines, pills and what-nots were all over the floor in one gorgeous mixture, enough to cure and poison a regiment.

We arrived in York Roads, and got in touch by wireless with the *Minto*, which was surveying off the Nelson Shoal. We hove up again and went poking about that hell-hole looking for her. That afternoon, Broughton was put aboard under the *Minto* doctor's care, also our fourth engineer, who was very ill. That night just before dark we steamed back to York Roads and anchored.

The *Mooswa* came out from York Factory on the Hayes River with some coast boats, and we loaded them. The *Mooswa* takes a bit of describing. She was built in sections with iron frames and oak planking. It is said, though how true I do not know, that when the builders first saw her designs they did not quite know whether it was a bridge, arches for a tunnel, or what they had to build. Anyway, they spat on their hands and went to it, and the result when they had finished was the *Mooswa*. I do know that she was put together in the Glengall Yard as a try-out before shipment, and the yard's gates had to be left open for her nose to stick out. This exposed the *Mooswa* to the vulgar gaze, and many and terse were the remarks from rivermen and bargees and sailors about the shape of the new queen of the north. Eventually she was taken to pieces and shipped in the *Discovery* to Moose Factory for reassembly there and towing to York Roads. Those in charge of her this year were Couch, former boatswain on the *Discovery*, as skipper; and good old Johnny Shanks, second engineer of the *Pelican*.

Four years later, in order to save our lives, I myself ended the career of this ship one filthy night at the end of September by having to run her ashore before she sank. But that is another story.

The Fur Trade Commissioner and his party, with Captain Freakley, left us at York to go up the Hayes River by canoe and out to Winnipeg. Eventually we finished unloading in York Roads, and then loaded the returns. Couch and Shanks came out with us, their two years being finished. We left for Charlton Island. We went into Charlton Sound by going round the Lisbon Rock, and anchored outside the Bar. Miller, the pilot, came out to take us in.

This was Miller's field day. He lived on Charlton Island all winter looking after the depot, and had his

wife and family with him. When he came out as pilot for a few hours Miller was boss. He was a marvel, and could handle a ship well under either steam or square-rigged sail. He read constantly during the winter. There were several men in the James Bay District who could have held their own as A.B.'s in the sailing ship days. This, I think was due to the training of Captain Taylor in the brigantine *Mink*, the distributing ship before the *Inenew*. I am told she was run and rigged like a man-o'-war of the old sailing days. The men at Moose Factory in other trades, originally apprenticed under tradesmen sent from Scotland and England, were marvels too. There was no better blacksmith anywhere than Willie Moore. George McLeod, foreman of the boat building, turned out excellent work.

But, to return to Miller. We went over the Bar with two leadsmen working, and Miller exceedingly businesslike. He could damn the man at the wheel as well as any London river pilot. We went gingerly alongside the wharf, a very rickety affair which fitted at No. 2 hatch and had a home-made railway running along it.

The *Nascopie* was the longest ship that had ever been there, and we had a job mooring her astern. Wires to the wreck of the *Sorine* helped. (It was a treat to be alongside again. After work we could walk, and we went trout-fishing one Sunday. We used a whiskey-jack for bait until we got trouts' eyes.) One day when I was helping sling cargo down No. 2 hold, I heard a tremendous cracking and general uproar on deck. We climbed up out of the hold in time to see the last stern wire parting, a couple of deadmen being torn out by the roots. The strong spring tide had caught the *Nascopie's* stern and the moorings would not stand the strain. The wharf gave a tremendous heave and collapsed, and the *Nascopie* swung to her anchor in midstream.

This meant a lot of extra work. The shore gang under Miller re-erected the wharf—a highly technical operation, but somehow they accomplished it. I had a gang putting down extra deadmen and anchors for the stern moorings for a couple of days. Then we got back to the wharf again.

When we left Charlton, we took on board Mr. Hooker and his wife and family, bound for Fort Chimo. Robert Flaherty left to go out by canoe to Cochrane from Moose Factory. We would miss his entertainment in the evenings.

Any fears about the Foxe Channel ice being down were groundless. There was none in sight. Snow was on the hills at Wolstenholme, and the weather was getting colder. George Ford came aboard at Wolstenholme, and we said goodbye to the Shepperds, who were to remain for the winter. A quick trip to the mouth of the Koksoak River. The four natives who had gone to Wolstenholme with Flaherty belonged to Chimo: Nikki and Ambrose and Jimmy Partridge, son of old Partridge, the pilot.

When we arrived off the river the tide was exactly right. We had the other natives aboard, so Captain Smith decided not to wait for Partridge but to go on up to Chimo. Crossing the outer bar, we saw poor old Partridge making great efforts to get to the ship. The tide was then running strong, and we were steaming for all we were worth.

To appreciate going up the twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river to the post, one must do it. The rise and fall of the tide is over forty feet, and there are three bars to get over. The sides of the Narrows are steep. The ship is literally hurled through with the incoming tide, besides going as hard as it can steam, and for a time it seems to be charging downhill.

We reached the post safely, and anchored. The post manager came out, and said we were anchored in the wrong place by the inside buoy. No other buoys were visible. He explained this was because the mooring of the other buoys were too short; they would become visible when the tide went down. Captain Smith's language was a joy. We sounded round, and re-moored the ship in the right place.

On the last of the flood, Partridge arrived, a hurt and crestfallen man. After years of piloting the *Erik* and the *Pelican*, and perhaps the *Labrador*, he had been done out of the first piloting of the big new ship.

We did not go to George River after leaving Fort Chimo, as their returns were brought around in the local schooner *Fox*. A dance was held ashore, attended by both Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Frères men. Working your way through one of those evenings without missing a dance was hard work. In a closely packed room where many wore native dress and seal-skin boots, the air was thick.

From Chimo we left for the Labrador posts. We called at Rigolet and Cartwright. At Rigolet we had the usual goose feed in the clerks' quarters. This was in the house where Lord Strathcona had lived.

We arrived in St. John's, and the first voyage of the *Nascopie* was over. It had been very different from the *Pelican*, and I missed the homeliness of the older ship. Steam heat and radiators are alright, but the stove in the *Pelican* cabin took some beating. We had bathrooms in the *Nascopie*, but in the *Pelican's* engine room a bucket of hot water and the general warmth did very well, and one could bathe to an accompaniment of George Rudge, the donkey man, singing "Just a Song at Twilight," and Johnny Shanks' conversation. Some nights, keeping anchor watch, Ralph Parsons and I baked spuds in the galley. One couldn't do that sort of thing on the *Nascopie*.

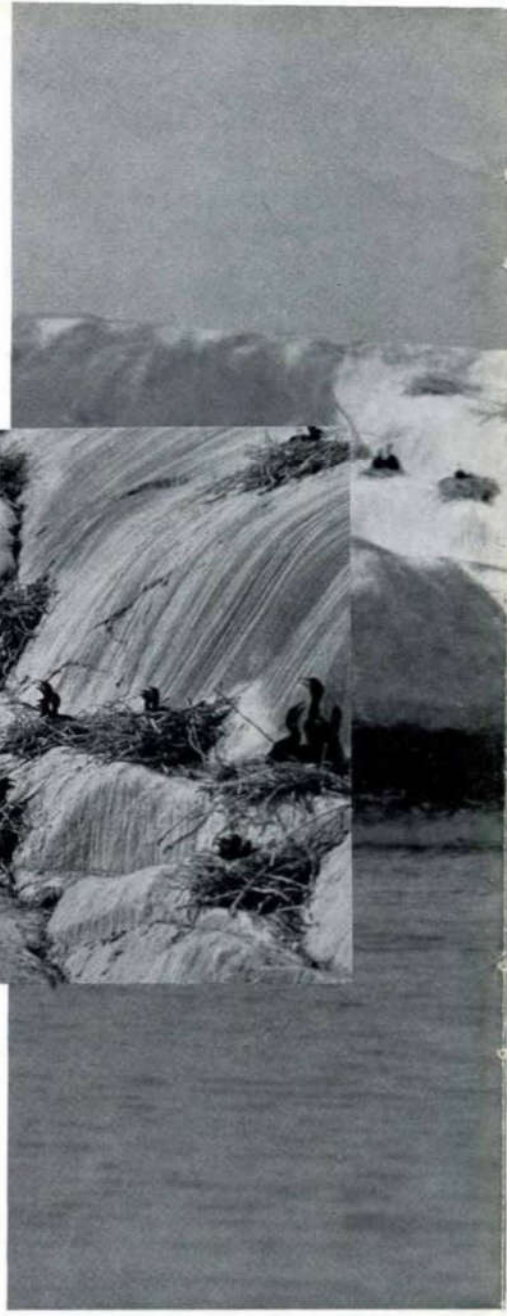
The ship was handed over to Job Brothers again. Captain Smith, Cato and the crew left for Quebec to go to Liverpool. I stayed with the furs which were to be shipped home from St. John's. After three weeks, I was off on the *Ripon*, a typical tramp with a cheery captain, a grouchy mate, and a fed-up second mate with a fatalistic manner. We went out of the Narrows into a howling north-easter. The accommodation was aft in the poop. The first night out, a five-gallon drum of coal oil capsized in the store room among the grub, and we tasted coal oil all the way home. Beyond that nothing much happened. We arrived at Liverpool; the furs were unloaded; my job was finished. I went to Lime Street, and thence home to Norfolk to wait for the next spring.

This will be followed by further stories of the Nascopie's early voyages commanded by Captain Mack. In the March instalment the Company's ice breaker enters the war service between France and Russia.

Birds at the "Bottom of the Bay"

By BEN EAST

The noisome seabird city, Cormorant Island. The basic rock is not white. That effect is bird paint over a long period of years.



Cormorant nests are built of heavy twigs carried from neighboring islands.

THE Arctic barren lands remain one of the strangest regions on the face of the earth, picturesque in bleakness, flat distances, haunting loneliness. Few white men know them; probably few ever will. The rolling moors of rock and moss and stunted willow that stretch north from the limit of trees toward the ocean, giving way finally to swampy tundra where the frost never leaves the iron-hard earth, save for a foot or two at the surface, the year around.

But if you have visioned them as silent and deserted wastes, revise your opinion. Bleak they are and lonely, to the point of dreariness, those rolling moors of the north. But in the brief season between the late spring and the early autumn they are made colourful by a blazing profusion of wildflowers, blossoms of countless kinds and hues that turn vast areas into great natural rock gardens.

And never during the short bright summer of the north are the barrens devoid of life, empty of bird calls and songs.

It was my good fortune to travel north by boat last summer, along the east coast of James Bay from Moosonee, past Charlton Island and Eastmain and Fort George, around Cape Jones and north into Hudson Bay as far as Long Island Sound. The time was the latter half of July. The swift summer was at its peak, or perhaps just past the zenith, and the barrens teemed with birds and flowers. More flowers by far than our limited knowledge of botany could name. More birds by far than we had thought to find there in the north.

Small plover, near kin of the killdeer of our wet meadows a thousand miles to the south, nest everywhere on the moors. Their plaintive, incessant calls, softer than those of the killdeer, ring out from dawn until the last of the colour is fading from the northwestern sky, near midnight. At the approach of an intruder they run off along the ground, piping continuously, or perch on a low rock and scold and complain.

Likewise the barrens are the summer home of the snowflakes or snow buntings, small birds that come south with the storms of winter, eddying and whirling above our weedy fields like true snowflakes. Like the plovers they nest on the ground, in deep bowls lined with moss and feathers.

The northern horned lark makes his home on those same moors, and in the fringe of stunted timber at the limit of trees the great warbler clan is represented.

The humble robin ranges far and wide, north near to the last of the timber, as much at home in the great fur country wilderness as in a southern orchard or a city park.

On a rocky, timbered island just south of Fort George, well up the James Bay coast, we found a robin nesting on a ledge under an overhanging rock wall. The nest was built of mud and grass, in conventional robin fashion, but the bird seemed less tame and trusting than the robins of the south. She kept half hidden in the trees and bushes and refused to return to the near vicinity of her nest while we were there.

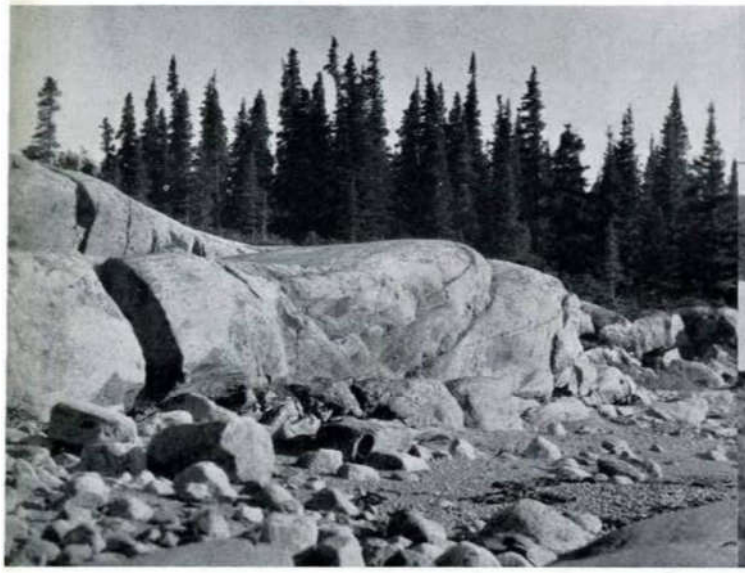
Over the fresh water ponds that dot the moors along the coast, and on the shores of the barrenland rivers, we found both the greater and lesser yellowlegs common. Their sweet, plaintive cries, heard at frequent intervals as they winged across the low hills, throughout the day in both fair and stormy weather, remain among the lasting memories of the trip.

Here in the south the short-eared owl nests on the ground in open fields and marsh meadows. On the barren lands of Cape Jones it follows much the same habits, nesting in the moss, often among low clumps of scrub willow. Farther north on those same barrens the great white owl nests in the same fashion. And both are eagerly trapped and eaten by the Swampy Crees when better food is scarce.

We never went ashore on the islands along the coast from Fort George north but we found low driftwood posts wedged upright in a small pile of boulders and hewed off level on the top with an axe. On those posts steel traps are set to catch any luckless owl that may wander past. The owl alights there for want of a better perch, and goes promptly into the cooking kettle of the hungry Cree family.

Rough-legged hawks gather dead twigs of the low willow and birch and build their bulky nests atop flat boulders no more than three or four feet from the ground. In a land without trees no better locations are available to them.

Gulls patrol the beaches of the north—not the herring gulls of the southern coasts, but bigger birds, far more wary and suspicious of man. The gull of the barren lands, at least along the James Bay coast, is the glaucous gull. It is not easy to come within range of those big white and gray birds. Collecting was part



Trees give way to rock and mossy barrens.

The author's camp on the barren shore.

of our business, and I spent no little time on the lookout for an incautious glaucous gull to be added to our list of bird skins. But I came back to Moosonee without one. We saw herring gulls at the south end of James Bay but none along the shore north of the limit of trees.

Terns skimmed along the rocky shores or wheeled over the inland ponds in graceful flight, among them the Arctic tern that holds the world's long distance record for spring and fall flights. This interesting sea swallow summers in the Arctic and winters in the Antarctic, making a migration of eleven thousand miles twice a year. Bird men estimate the Arctic tern spends about fourteen weeks on the nesting grounds, a little longer time in his winter home, and about twenty weeks on the long journey south and north. Those that summer in the far north, in the land of midnight sun, see more hours of daylight each year than any other living bird, ornithologists point out.

On a rocky and grass-grown island off Cape Jones, at the north end of James Bay, we found a small nesting colony of these terns. I have long known their more southerly kinsmen, the common and Caspian terns. There are nesting colonies of both on small islands about the Great Lakes, and I have paid those colonies numerous visits. On Lone Tree Island, a low sandy crescent in Saginaw Bay, an arm of Lake Huron, something like five thousand common terns nest and rear their young each summer in a teeming, noisy seabird colony. The little colony of Arctic terns on the lonely island there at the foot of Hudson Bay was greatly like the common tern colony on Lone Tree, save that they were far fewer, and the nests, hidden in a rank growth of tall grass above the beach, were much harder to find.

There was nothing about those nests, the eggs or the fledglings to hint that the swallow-tailed parents wheeling and mewing overhead were the long-distance

Guillemot eggs.

A Guillemot chick lifted from its nest among the rocks.

This flower is common barren land Pyrola.

Sub-Arctic Moor.

flight champions of the feathered world. It was a bit hard to believe, watching them and hearing their harsh cries of protest at our invasion, that they would winter in a land of midnight sun south of the equator. For that matter, it was hard to believe that the tracks we found on a gravelly point of that same island were made by a polar bear, the Wabesco of the Crees, the great white Nanook of the Eskimos. Apparently Wabesco had not bothered to disturb his noisy bird neighbours.

Two other interesting seabird colonies we found along the James Bay coast, a band of double-crested cormorants and another of guillemots or sea pigeons. The cormorants, known also as shags and water turkeys, are large black divers nearly the size of a wild goose, known to the Crees as crow ducks. Like the gulls, terns and most other seabirds, they nest in noisy communities on islands or along the shore.

The colony we visited, located on a bare, bleak rock not more than a hundred miles north of Moosonee, is the only one on James Bay as far as we could learn. The rock covers perhaps an acre and rises forty or fifty feet out of the sea, its base swept continuously by fierce currents and rip tides that made landing, even in big freight canoes, both difficult and dangerous. So strongly do the tides run around the cormorant rock that our anchors failed to hold and our schooner was compelled to cruise slowly about the island under power while we were ashore. On this barren rock the cormorants have crowded their nests to form an interesting but by no means sweet-scented seabird city. We counted a hundred and five nests, perched on ledges and in crannies of the rock, bulky affairs built of twigs and small sticks carried from neighbouring islands three or four miles away.

As we edged in toward the low cliffs, looking for an anchorage, the adult birds deserted the colony one by one or in small bands. While we were ashore they rested uneasily on the ocean far beyond range. The young

Newly hatched Arctic Tern.

Camping among the trees again.

cormorants varied greatly in size. None were yet capable of flight, but many were well grown. Others could not yet rise erect in the nests, and a few apparently had been out of the eggs not more than a day or two. In a very few of the nests we found eggs not yet hatched, but stained and soiled and seemingly near hatching. Of the fledglings we counted a total of two hundred thirty-seven, crowded together in families that ranged up to five or six in one nest. Like their parents, they were sooty black in colour, with powerful hooked beaks that hinted strongly at the predacious mode of life to which they had been born. The cormorant is a fish eater, diving for its prey and overtaking it under water without difficulty, sometimes at great depths. The entire rock was coated generously with the limey droppings of the birds, looking as if it had been whitewashed repeatedly over long period of years—as it had. Scraps of regurgitated fish lay about the nests in varying stages of freshness—or lack of freshness—and all in all the odour of the rock was never to be forgotten. I have seen and smelled many seabird colonies but never one quite as rank as the city of the cormorants.

Our guillemot community was surprisingly different. The guillemot is a small black and white bird, closely related to the auks and puffins. Its plump, dove-like appearance accounts for the name of sea pigeon by which it is frequently known. Black with white wing patches, black bill, vivid scarlet feet and mouth lining, it looks not unlike a small duck as it rests on the water or rockets over in swift flight. The Eskimos count the guillemot an excellent item of food and we were told by whites in our party that the north affords no dish more tasty than guillemot stew, especially if made with young birds. Lamentably, we had no chance to try it.

We landed on a small rocky island near the north end of James Bay to look for guillemot nests. One end of the island was strewn for maybe a hundred yards above the beach with round boulders of varying sizes, ranging from those a man could lift easily up to many as large as a kitchen stove. Off the shore of the island before we landed we had seen three large brown ducks that we supposed to be eiders. We wanted badly a few eider skins, so we undertook a duck hunt first of all. The better part of an hour devoted to eider hunting proved unproductive, however. The big ducks flew past time after time, circling the end of the island, skimming low over the water a short distance offshore, but always safely beyond range.

We gave up finally and turned our attention to the guillemots. There were dozens and scores of them around the island. A medium-sized flock rested on a small sheltered bay, floating on the water like little ducks, or perching on big rocks that lifted out of the sea. There were nests on the island, we knew, but no outward sign gave evidence of their location. Without some knowledge of the queer nesting habits of the sea pigeons we could have combed the island the rest of the day without locating a guillemot egg or chick. The birds nest in deep crevices and crannies between and under the boulders, above the beach, well out of the reach of the sea at high tide. They build no nest. The two large and beautiful spotted eggs are laid on the bare floor of a convenient cave beneath the rocks. Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson has phrased the situation accurately indeed. "Well hidden from view is the nest," he comments, "and often it would take a steam derrick to reach it."

The peeping of the young birds revealed to us the location of the first nest we found. Kneeling, we reached down between two heavy boulders and at arm's length we found the fledgling guillemots and hauled them out to the light of day. Two sooty black chicks, they peeped resentfully and struck boldly at our fingers as often as we came within reach. While we photographed them the parent birds remained out at sea, making no effort to drive us away from the nest.

We found fewer than a dozen nests in all, part of them revealed by the sudden flight of the brooding parents, dashing out from beneath a rock at our near approach. Probably the island harboured three or four times that many, perhaps more than that. A sea pigeon nesting colony does not give up its secrets readily.

The guillemot is one seabird of the Arctic that does not migrate far south in winter. He spends the cold months only a hundred miles or so from the nesting grounds, wherever open water along the coast affords an abundance of food. With the approach of winter the birds exchange their black plumage for one of black and white, with the white predominating, in keeping with the season.

Two other groups of birds make interesting and colourful those moors of the north. They are the wildfowl of the seacoast and the ptarmigan of the interior.

We saw ducks in abundance all along the coast. On one small, sheltered bay, on a morning when a northwest gale was lashing the sea into long smoking combers, we raised a mixed flock of ducks that numbered literally thousands, taking refuge there from the storm. On the fresh-water ponds of Cape Jones we found old squaws guarding families of downy young ducklings. At Factory River we ate mallard with the Crees. And on Grey Goose Island, south of Cape Jones, we encountered our first small band of Canada geese.

The great fall migration was not yet under way in late July. The waterfowl legions had not begun to assemble. Nevertheless, we saw wildfowl in abundance, and plenty of evidence of the bloody harvest the Crees and Eskimos would take a few weeks later when the flight began.

Goose blinds were scattered along the coast, no more than low stone walls laid up high enough to conceal a crouching hunter, usually at or near the top of a low ridge over which the geese would fly. Here and there we encountered abandoned goose hunting camps of the Crees, with a few wooden decoy heads scattered about. Thrust into a bundle of willow brush or a clod of upturned turf, those heads make a workable imitation of a wild goose.

Wherever we went on the mossy shores we found willow ptarmigan, the brown and white grouse of the north, travelling in family parties at that season of year. They haunted the edges of the low willow thickets. At our approach the cock and hen bird, zealously guarding the brood of young, would rocket into short flight or run back and forth across the moss and rocks, clucking and scolding. The chicks, many of them old enough for flight, were inclined to freeze exactly as young ruffed grouse freeze in the forest covers a thousand miles to the south, remaining motionless and unseen unless we all but stepped on them. Clad in gray-brown plumage, they lacked the conspicuous white markings of the old birds.

The moors of the coast are barren of trees. But of flowers they have a colourful procession while the brief blossoming season lasts, and of birds they boast a variety and abundance far beyond what might be expected of the bleak, treeless plains that lie beyond the dark and somber spruce forests of the north.

English River Wolf

Pictures by Mrs. J. L. Charlton

A howling wolf was the popular pet at English River post for a few months.

J. L. Charlton, manager of English River post at Mammawemattawa, Ontario.

Mrs. Charlton, who looked after the little wolf from the time it was 3 weeks old.

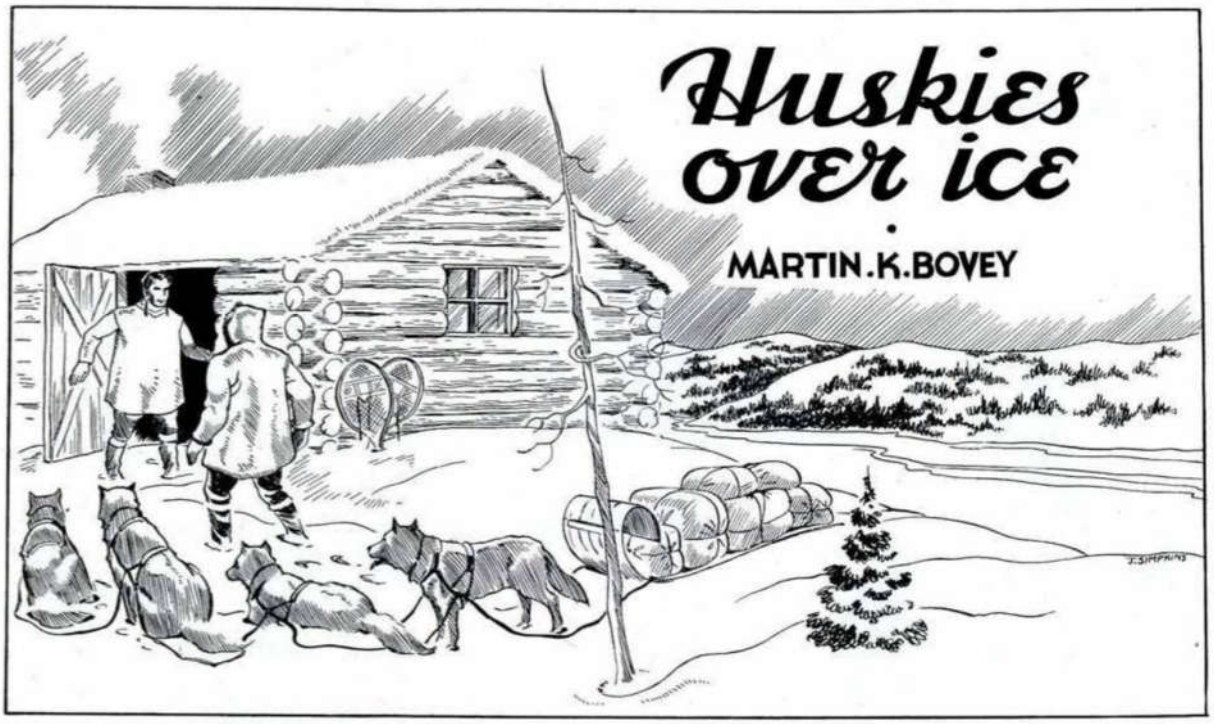
Neighboring Indians liked to play with the friendly puppy.

The wolf grew even more friendly, but other wolves were attracted to the post.

The little wolf was like a pet dog.

She always followed Mrs. Charlton.

Always bright, and ready to play with anybody.



Huskies over ice

MARTIN.K.BOVEY

In August, 1923, with parental consent, Martin Bovey and Leslie Buck took time off from college to learn, in Mr.Bovey's words, "what it was like to mush behind a dog team in the land of the Hudson's Bay Company." Since then, Mr. Bovey has been a constant traveller in the north country. The trip here described was from Norway House on Lake Winnipeg to York Factory on Hudson Bay.

ON the wharf at Selkirk, Manitoba, came our first awakening. We were about to board the *Wolverine* for the trip up Lake Winnipeg to Norway House and the Great Beyond. A short ruddy-cheeked man of forty came toward us. Save for a trim mustache he was clean shaven. He wore a light, well-cut tweed suit; his white shirt was fresh; a stick pin adorned his neat blue tie. He carried a brown leather suit case, and, slung over one shoulder, a sack of golf clubs.

"I guess you're the young Americans who are going up to Norway House to have a look at the north," he said with a smile. "My name is Talbot. Perhaps I'll be able to help you with some suggestions about your trip. I'm in charge at Norway House."

It was incredible! This affable banker a Hudson's Bay post manager?

"But what are the golf clubs for?" Buck stammered.

Mr. Talbot laughed: "I've managed to get in a few rounds in the week I've been down here, and up at Norway House we have five holes in the clearing back of the post. It's not a very grand course, but good enough fun when the mosquitoes let you see the ball."

For ten cents we would have taken our stuff off the boat and gone home! We outfitted at Norway House and on September first, accompanied by a prospector we had met on the *Wolverine*, paddled away toward Oxford House, a hundred and sixty miles to the northeast. Perhaps Harry Paull had a pack of cards somewhere in his duffle, but he did not carry a gun. We remember him chiefly for the excellence of his fried bannocks.

Oxford House was a delightful spot. I have since seen many Hudson's Bay Company posts, but none have seemed to me so lovely as Oxford House. It stands high above the outlet of the Hayes River, and from it one looks down the long expanse of beautiful Oxford House Lake—now sadly marred by fire, I am told—to the Gateway and the setting sun.

We had yet to make many adjustments to reality. We could not at once convince ourselves that these swarthy fellows in overalls, gaudy sweaters, and naval officers' caps were really the Cree hunters about whom we had read in flaming novels of the north. It was hard to believe that David Monroe, the gentle, kindly old fellow with the soft eyes and the flowing white beard, with whom we dug eighty-seven sacks of potatoes in the Company's garden, should have been a villainous half-breed. The cow that gave more fresh milk than we could drink, and Minister Atkinson's bull that chased us many merry laps around the post buildings, seemed as much out of place here as did the crisp linen and silver candle sticks on the Cargill's dinner table. Evening after evening we spent playing bridge with post manager and Mrs. Cargill, or reading aloud from *The Oxford Book of English Verse* at the post of the free trader, run by a genial young Irishman, Bert Sullivan, who got his share of the fur not by making Indians drunk on whisky, but by amusing them with card

tricks and sleight of hand, or, more astonishing still, by trying his best to beat them at checkers.

It was all very novel and unexpected. Above all it was thoroughly delightful.

Through September we did some hunting, and watched the Indians at their fishing. In October we saw the last of the freight brigades come up from Norway House in the grey canoes and clumsy square-sailed York boats that brought the trade goods. Buck went off with Sullivan on a short but successful moose hunt, while I studied Cree and gave out rations to the Indians employed at the free trader's post. Each day there were fewer tepees on the reservation, for one by one the families were paddling away through the early snow flurries to their winter trapping camps. November came in with flaring northern lights. The trapping season was open, and a stream of skins of mink and fisher, otter, lynx, and fox flowed over the counters in the trading rooms.

Indian women were at work on the hooded duck smocks and moose-hide gloves and moccasins that we would need for the winter trail, and we were busy packing the grub boxes, for soon there would be ice on which to travel. We baked dozens of small bannocks, boiled a great pot full of beans, then spread them one bean deep over a toboggan wrapper laid on the kitchen floor and opened the door wide until the beans were frozen solidly and separately.

On November 21, with two teams and three Indians, we were off for Norway House. The dogs were soft, the going bad because of a thaw, but, using pushing poles, we came just after dark to Charlie Nataway's shack near the bottom of the lake.

"Indian shacks are always filthy," we had been told. But Nataway's *wus-kay-hig-gan* was spotless. The floor was scoured, the stove polished, the windows bright with calico. As soon as we entered, an Indian girl brought us soap and water and a clean towel.

We spent the next two nights at other Indian shacks. They were humbler than Nataway's mansion but far cleaner than I had expected.

The fourth night we camped in the bush. With snowshoes for shovels, we cleared away the snow from an area large enough for a camp, then felled thick spruce and piled them around three sides of the space. We dropped other spruce, stripped them of boughs, and made a deep mat on which to lay our beds. Across the fourth side of the camp we built a huge fire. By the light of the leaping flames we chained up the dogs, and cut a small spruce mat for each of them. Propped against a log before the fire twenty whitefish stood on their noses. Good drivers thaw the fish before hurling them to their teams. Johnnie Hoole brought water from a hole cut in the ice, which was still thin enough to make it easier to cut a water hole than to melt snow for our tea. With an axe Buck was cutting chips of frozen meat from a quarter of moose which we had bought for a dollar at the last Indian shack. Paul and Elijah Wood were scraping the bottoms of the toboggans and hanging up the harness. I was changing into dry moccasins and keeping an eye on a row of bannocks thawing among the fish. And overhead the stars were growing bright in a blackening sky.

By 7.30 we were deep in our eiderdown or rabbitskin sleeping robes. Eleven or twelve hours a day on the trail is the aim of the winter tripper, and when the sun sets at 3.30, one must roll out early if one is to keep to this program and still get camp started before dark. The crackle of the fire brought me back to consciousness. The cold of a sub-Arctic night smote me as I thrust my head out of my eiderdown. Overhead the Dipper stood on its handle. Paul Wood was warming his hands at the infant blaze.

While the dogs made the woods ring with their wild and soulful "Morning Hymn," we gulped down tea and bannock, and half an hour later swung out onto the the ice of Molson Lake. The day was breathless; the trail windpacked; the dogs eager to travel. On our right the irregularities of the shore were fused into a wall of soft grey. To the left of us stretched endless white, blotched with the grey of many islands. Looking behind me I saw the yellow glow of our fire, the blurred form of the first team, heard the tinkle of the bells on the second team. Phantoms flying through a world vague and mysterious and utterly silent, save for the half-heard bells and the steady patter of moccasined feet on hard snow.

The miles swept by tirelessly, exhilaratingly in these first hours of effortless travel. This was life! This was romance! Soon enough, after our first fine spurt on sleep-given energy, would come the slow plodding hours when muscles would cry aloud and cheeks and noses be stabbed by the mounting wind.

Sunrise came in the rush of flaming scarlet and molten gold that is one of the wonders of the north.

We swung shoreward, and in the shelter of thick spruce built a fire and cut a mat to protect our moccasins from melting snow. Inactive, heated by our fast going, we chilled in an instant. Mealtime on the winter trail is no siesta in the shade of a swaying palm. The beans freeze to the plate while one gulps tea on which a scum of ice is already forming after the cup has been but a moment in the snow. (We know now why the initiated used big bowls instead of cups.) One eats with all possible haste, tosses the dishes into the grub box unwashed—unless one is an Indian and hence fastidious—and gets going again.

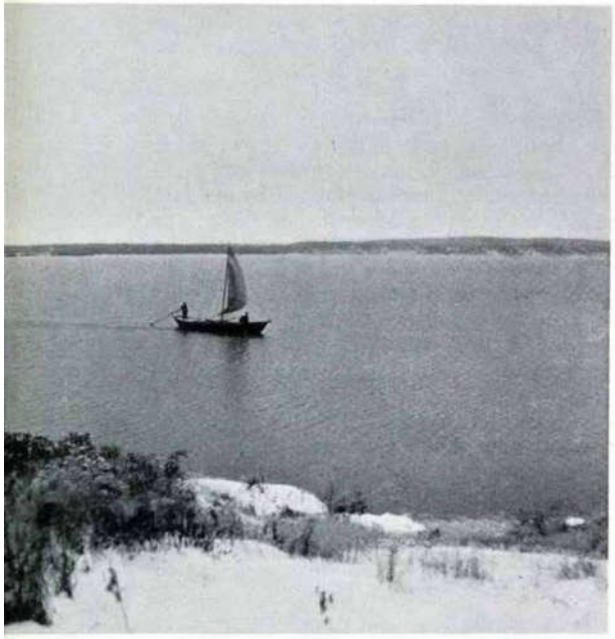
The dogs went more slowly now, and walking and running was, for us, about evenly divided. At noon we boiled another kettle, then plodded on up that endless marsh known as the Muskitaban. Muskrat houses were everywhere. On many of them, Norway House hunters had set fox traps, and in their steel jaws we saw Whiskey Jacks and Great Horned Owls.

From behind us came a speeding dog team—three flying huskies drawing on a diminutive *tabanask*, a charioteer worthy of immortality in the comic strips of the continent. He sat with the majesty of a Roman emperor, brandished his willow with the zest of a warring Visigoth, rent the air with the cries of an Apache. He was short and dumpy, dressed in a white smock adorned with the brass buttons of an admiral and the towering, sharp-pointed hood of a dunce. His nose was the beak of a hawk dyed indigo blue. To our Indians he was Emos Colin of Norway House; to us he will always be Bluebottle of God-Knows-Where.

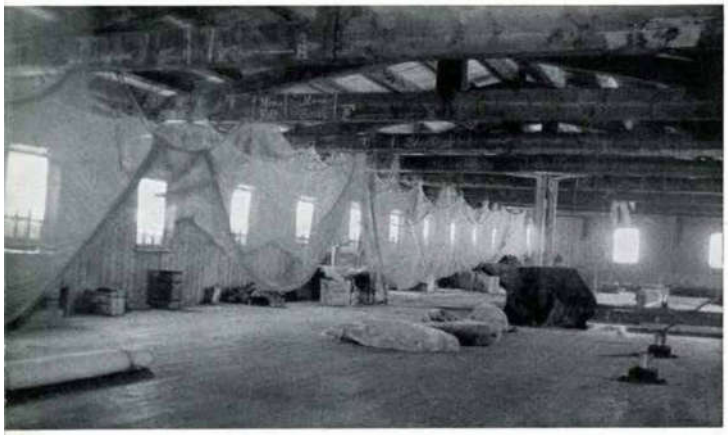
His dogs never slackened speed as they approached us, merely swerved from the trail to pass, as their driver sprang from his sled running hard and shouting salutations. As he raced by, he shook us each by the hand, sprinted after his galloping team, and was gone before we were fully aware that he had come.

We were at supper when he came again, slipping into our midst with the stealthiness of a bursting shell. He devoured a vast share of our Indians' tea, bannock and moose meat, then curled up in his rabbitskin robe. Next morning he ate prodigiously of our rations, leaped aboard his toboggan, and sped away into the darkness.

Camping in the bush between Oxford House and Norway House, August, 1923.



A York boat on Oxford House Lake just before freeze-up.



In the great warehouse at York Factory, nets hang to dry and Polar bear skins are stretched on the floor.

From Norway House, Buck went to "Steel" at Mile 137 on the Hudson Bay Railway. With him I sent Christmas greetings to my parents, and headed east for Island Lake. Mathews, a young lawyer taking inventory of the posts belonging to the estate of an estimable old free trader named Hyers, had asked me to go the rounds of the posts with him. What had "the States" to offer to equal such an invitation?

Late afternoon of the eighth day of bitter weather and hard travel over a notoriously difficult trail brought us to the western end of what is now Collins Bay. We were very cold; our dogs were tired, for we had already covered twenty-five miles and our fine old leader had died in harness two days before while crossing Deer Lake (now, thanks to the map makers' lust for change, called Stevenson Lake); we were still nearly eighteen miles from the Island Lake posts, but we were out of fish. We boiled the kettle, gave our dogs some scraps of bannock, and shoved on, helping our team with a pushing pole. The thought of another night in the bush was unbearable.

Darkness came quickly, but we followed the trail with our feet. Then we ran into overflow, and there was no trail. I dug out a flashlight, and we searched in vain for signs of other teams. At last our incomparable driver, Jimmy Kirkness, uttered the dismal truth.

"You know," he said, bending to scrutinize the snow, "I not see Island Lake in winter for twenty years."

I felt like a flier with "ceiling zero." Mathews said the only thing to do was to make camp, but Jimmy was moving ahead again. For an hour or two we went along like men groping in a dark room. Suddenly our dogs began to perk up, and a moment later we realized that we were shuffling down a beaten trail. From ahead came the howl of a dog. Then we sped by the darkened buildings of the Company and began toiling up the steep bank to Hyers' Post.

It was eleven o'clock when Harry D'Arcis came to the door in his night clothes to let us in to the food and warmth and cheer no one fully appreciates until he has endured a spell of real cold on the winter trail.

We celebrated Christmas with Souter and Collins and Tom of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Chapins of the Methodist mission, and watched the Indians, who for two days had come in a steady stream from their far-flung trapping camps to trade their furs and feast on the gratuitous rations given out by the traders on this occasion.

It was a sight, this Christmas trading and celebrating. I remember the beautiful pelt of a jet black fox for which D'Arcis paid the lucky hunter three hundred dollars. I remember the young buck who so comically displayed the native's almost pathetic fondness for bright colored finery. When his skins had been laid on the counter and evaluated and he had bought the flour and sugar and tea and wearing apparel his family needed, his eyes roamed over the shelves of the trading room in search of some trifle that would gladden his own heart on this day of feasting. They rested at last on a pair of scarlet garters, and he bought, then added a pair of equally scarlet arm bands, put them both on—around his calves—and with trousers rolled above his knees paraded all day through the snow in a howling sub-zero wind.

December 26 we headed north, and spent that night in a native trapping camp on Beaverhill Lake, where we found a Christmas feast still in progress and slept with twenty-one Indians in a tiny one-room shack with

windows nailed closed and the stove going full blast. The next day we reached God's Lake, crossed its great expanse in a stinging wind, and came after dark to the Wee-a-sach-u-wan, where the chief of the God's Lakers ran a small outpost for Hyers. The shack in which we stayed was very elegant. It was papered with rotogravure sections of *The New York Times*. As Mathews and I sat at a table placed against the wall, eating our supper off bright chinaware, I found myself staring at a picture of the Yale Bowl snapped while my classmate Bill Mallory was making a long run against the Army. I showed our host where I had sat, and a smile spread over his face, and in a voice full of amazement he uttered the phrase which, of all Cree phrases I had learned, gave the greatest delight to my tongue and my ear: "Ma-ma-skotch! Ta-pwoy ma-ma-skotch!" (Wonderful! Truly wonderful!) There were infinite occasions on which one could use it: to express appreciation of the truly marvellous, to show delight in trivial pleasure, to register approval of any act. The effect of the words was little short of magical, bringing a smile to the face of the glummest native and establishing instantly a bond of friendship between us.

We got back to Oxford House in time to attend the New Year's Eve service at the mission church. The men sat, as usual, on one side of the church, the women on the other. Minister Atkinson had gone to Island Lake for New Year's. We had met him on the trail trotting along at the tail of his toboggan drawn not by dogs but by a small horse. So the sermon was preached in Cree by the chief. There was a deal of rather dismal singing of English hymns to the accompaniment of a small organ still wheezing from the effects of many portages and a long trip in a York boat. At the end of the service the men left the church first. As the women came out the men chased them through the snow to kiss them.

One morning in the middle of January, just as we were finishing breakfast at Sullivan's, the Company's clerk, George Morrison, burst in upon us.

"The fur trains are just leaving the Fort," he cried. "I'm going to 'the line' with them. Come along, Bov. I've got grub enough for the two of us."

I rolled up my eiderdown and stuffed it into its sack, tossed in a fork and knife, plate and bowl, a couple of pairs of socks and moccasins, pulled on my parka, and grabbed my camera. Twenty minutes later we were jogging down the trail bound for Norway House and Mile 137—a jaunt of 550 miles. If I came back with the trains, as I expected to do, that would take upwards of twenty days. As we shuffled along behind the sleds I marvelled at the casualness and spontaneity of the act. At home an overnight trip to Chicago would have required days of pondering.

Travelling to "Steel" with the fur trains! This was the very pinnacle of boyhood aspirations. Mushing behind four dog teams—plus those that would join us at Norway House—and all of them loaded with the priceless harvest of the trap lines, bound for the great London auctions! No wonder I had jumped at George's invitation.

But the adventure was short-lived. Within fifteen miles it became obvious that the teams were heavily loaded, and next morning at Nataway's shack they would each have to take on a hundred pounds of fish. Even my small load might be the cause of their failure to arrive on schedule, so in the middle of Oxford House Lake I shouldered my bed roll and turned back.

York Factory's huge warehouse from which it takes its Cree name—Gitche Wus-kay-hig-gan—the Great House.

The Anglican mission church at York Factory.

The fur trade at York began in 1682, and trading still continues at the historic post.

In all my dreams of the north, Hudson Bay had been my ultimate goal—that bleak inland sea where so many stirring pages of northern history had been written. One day a one-armed York Factory Indian came to Oxford House from his winter camp on Whitefish Lake. Noah Wood spoke no English, but looking at this fellow from the shores of the Bay quickened my blood. Before Sullivan closed the door of the trading room for the night, I had asked several of the men perched idly on the counter listening to Noah's gossip of what was to them a foreign land if they would go with me to York Factory, three hundred miles to the east.

I had thought always of the Indians as nomads, splendid wanderers to whom a journey to a star was a part of daily life. Now, to my surprise, I found them amazed by my proposal. Each one had his excuse: his dogs were not up to such a trip, he could not leave his traps so long; his wife or child was sick. In the days that followed I went from shack to shack on the reserve asking—all but imploring—the men to go with me. Always there was some reason why they should not go. One or two were honest enough to give the real reason: it was too far.

Then, when I thought I should have to give up the idea, I went to the chief, hoping he might try to persuade some man to accompany me. Able Williams was a fine type of Indian, clean, reliable, strong, dignified. He heard me out. Then said quite simply, "Maybe I go myself, if you like. No man from here go to York in twenty year, but I guess we find it."

We left on February 16. George Morrison was back, and Mr. Cargill gave him leave of absence to come with me.

The old route by the Fox River had not been travelled for years, so we went via the Hayes River to Swampy Lake, then out overland to Noah's camp on Whitefish Lake, from there to the little outpost at the junction of the Shamattawa and God's Rivers, and thence to York. It was after dark of our thirteenth day when we came out of the scrubby spruce through which we had been travelling for two days since leaving the Shamattawa, and slid down a steep bank onto the now mile-wide surface of the Hayes. A blizzard from off the Bay lashed our faces as we headed down the river, running hard on the last five miles of this journey to a land of many dreams. Through the upheaved ice at the head of a willow covered island we crossed to the north side of the river and ran on. From the top of the high clay bank above us we heard the barking of dogs, and the trail tilted sharply upwards.

There it was, standing on the treeless bank of the Hayes—York Factory! We raced past an ancient cannon that may have seen service against the French fleet of d'Iberville, past the colossal bulk of the great store house from which York takes its Cree name—Gitche Wus-kay-hig-gan, the Great House—and halted our dogs before the lighted windows of Bachelors' Hall.

Chris Harding, manager of the Nelson River District, got out of bed to welcome us. In him I found the fur trader of the novels: a great bulk of a man, grizzled and weathered by years of service in the north—for fifteen years he never came south of the Arctic Circle. He was king of his domain, stern and exacting in his relations to his underlings, but there was a twinkle in his small sharp eyes, and as a host he was truly regal.

We presented a letter of introduction from Cargill, but it was waved aside and we were led at once to the kitchen, where Mr. Harding and his three clerks, Edwin Oakes, Stanley Garlick, and William Skinner, set out a meal that would have done justice to a New York hotel. I recall that lobster was on the menu.

Next morning, standing in the lookout atop the great storehouse, we saw beyond drifted snow and rough ice, the open water of Hudson Bay. At last—fulfilment!

Among the other buildings of the post was one small and square. "This is the library," Mr. Harding said as he turned the key in the door. "The collection was started by the servants of the Company early in the eighteenth century." Ranged about the room were volumes of infinite value, first editions of all the more important books published in England during the last two hundred years. "I make up selections of a hundred or two hundred volumes, pack them in cases and rotate the cases from post to post each summer when the schooner is making her rounds," the manager told us. It was incredible, sacrilegious—these treasures going carelessly from Churchill to Fort Severn, from Severn to Repulse Bay or Eskimo Point, where there was so little chance that their true worth would be even guessed at. "But they ought to be in a library, in the British Museum," I protested. Now, they have been gathered together in Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Our return trip to Oxford House was a miserable journey. We wore our snowshoes every foot of the three hundred miles, either breaking a trail for the dogs through knee-deep snow or, what was infinitely more gruelling, running to keep up with our team over wind-crusted lakes across which our dogs sped without effort but on which we could make no progress at all without our "shoes." Each night by the campfire I administered first aid to toes worn raw by the chafe of lampwick ties. The weather was abominable—between forty and sixty below the entire trip. As I shivered in my eiderdown at night I longed for a heavy snow such as those that several times earlier in the winter had buried our camp and served as an additional eiderdown.

On March 20 I said goodbye to Oxford House and the people who had taken me into their midst so warmly six months before. Most reluctantly I headed down the long expanse of Oxford House Lake. So completely had I become a part of the life of this remote little corner of the world that I felt as though I were suddenly being torn up by the roots to be transplanted to a spot strange and unfamiliar to me. Part of the way to "the line" I pulled my outfit on a handsled. Then I went snowblind, and Morrison—travelling to a new assignment at the Berens River post on Lake Winnipeg—led me into Norway House. From there on, an Indian and I bucked furious headwinds that froze our faces each time we quitted the campfire, and left me scarred for weeks. But in spite of difficulties we kept up to schedule, and on the afternoon of March 30 drew near the railway. Ahead of us we saw black smoke rising above the spruce and knew it to be the train. We roused our dogs from their slow plodding and raced the last couple of miles to the track. The "Muskeg" was just pulling out, headed not south for The Pas but north for Mile 214, which was then the "end of steel" on the Hudson Bay Railway.

"I suppose she'll be back about midnight," I said to the clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company's store, one of the five buildings, sheds and dwellings included, that made up the settlement.

"Maybe she will, and maybe she won't," he answered. "It's best not to count too much on 'The Muskeg'."

I paid off my Indian, bought a clean shirt, shaved, and settled down to wait for the train. At ten o'clock the clerk went to bed.

"Better turn in and get some sleep," he urged. "You'll know when she gets here."

But I sat by the stove reading a magazine and thinking that through the howl of the wind I heard the far off shriek of a locomotive.

Five days later she came, panting from her struggle with a hundred and forty-four miles of unplowed track. Her crew and passengers were equally weary, for they had shovelled her through miles of cuts in which the snow had drifted smokestack high. Only one of the passengers was smiling. This was the Hudson's Bay man in charge of the post at Mile 137. As he unloaded his dogteam from the baggage car he explained his elation.

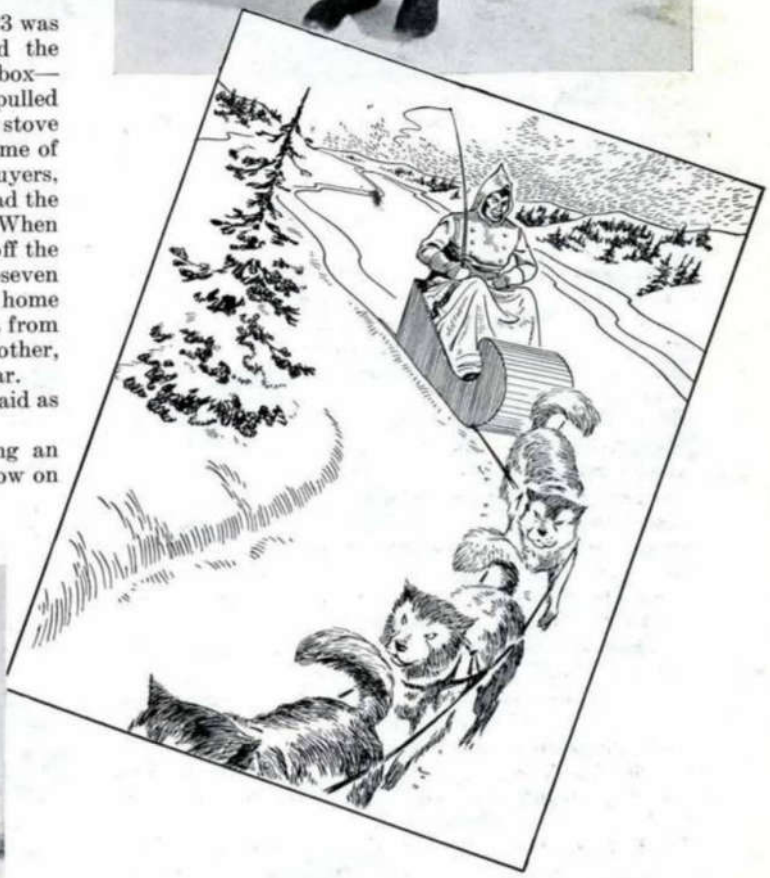
"I ride to Mile 214 every trip to compete with the fur buyers who come out from The Pas. I suspected this might happen, so I put the pups aboard. When we got to the three-mile cut at 199 I harnessed up, beat the train by two days, and got every skin in the place."

There are times, I reflected, when the "improvements" of our modern civilization crack wide open. With a fast team of dogs I could have made The Pas in two days.

Travelling on the Hudson Bay Railway in 1923 was an adventure of the first order. One boarded the ancient tourist car with eiderdown and grub box—loaded, if one were wise, with a week's rations—pulled down the first vacant berth, cooked a meal on the stove at the end of the car, and settled down for a game of cards with a crowd of trappers, traders, fur buyers, Mounted Police, trainmen, and Indians. If one had the password, he rode with the elite in the caboose. When Buck went out in December the train had gone off the track three times in the hundred and thirty-seven miles, but our trip was less eventful. I reached home on April 7 to step from the train, Eskimo parka from York Factory over one arm, snowshoes under the other, into Minneapolis' heaviest snowstorm of the year.

"It's good to have you home at last," Father said as we plowed toward the waiting car.

"It's good to be home," I answered, feeling an Oxford House wind and the familiar sting of snow on my uplifted face.



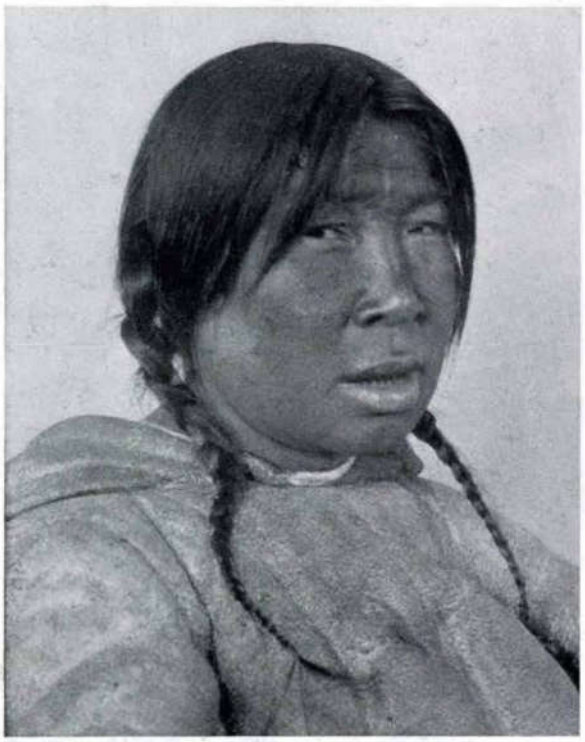
Chris Harding, manager of Nelson River District at York Factory when Martin Bovey was there.

"He sat with the majesty of a Roman emperor, brandished his willow with the zest of a warring Visigoth, rent the air with the cries of an Apache."

Mrs. W. R. Cargill, Sandy Cargill, and George Morrison, all from the Hudson's Bay post at Oxford House.

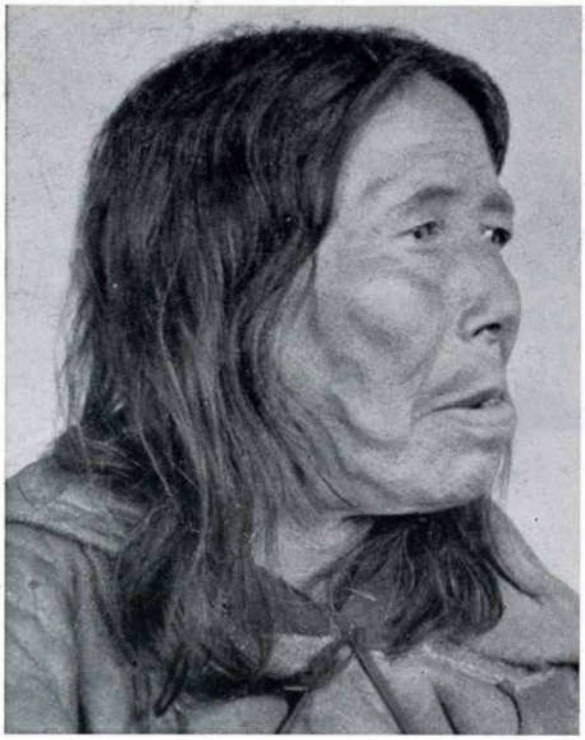
Eskimo Women from Hudson Bay

Pictures by Bob Stewart



Kyuk, Repulse Bay

Chic-Chic, Repulse Bay

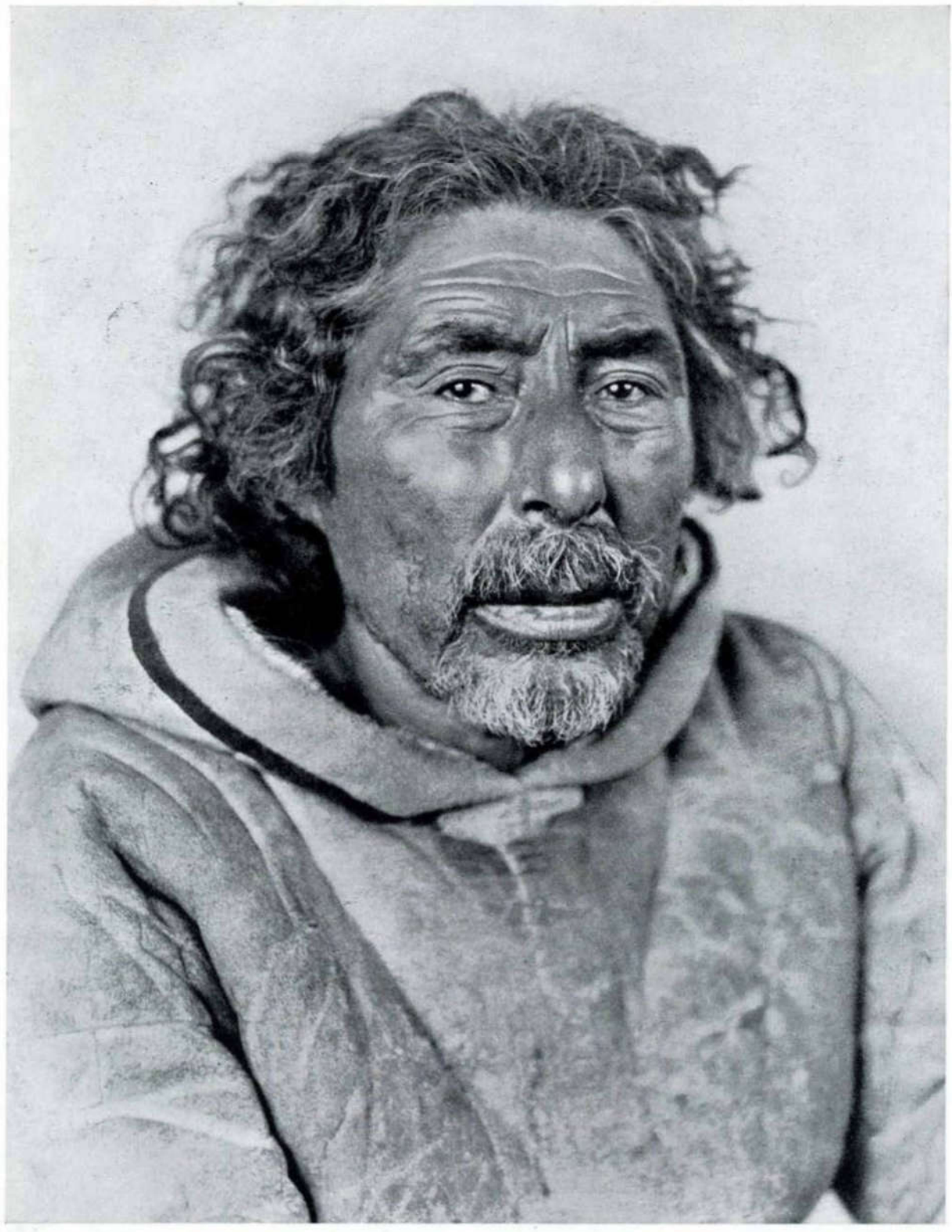


Annie, Repulse Bay

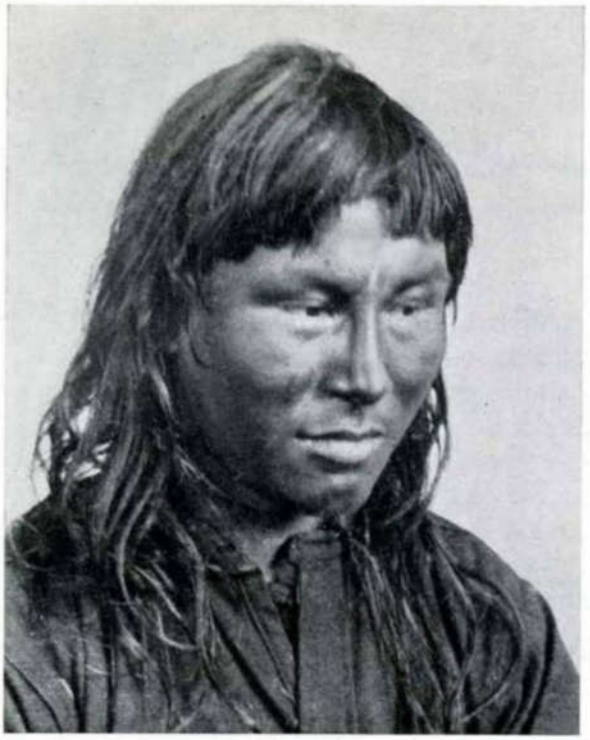
Daisy, Wager Inlet

Maggie of Port Harrison, the Heroine of Robert Flaherty's film "Nanook of the North."

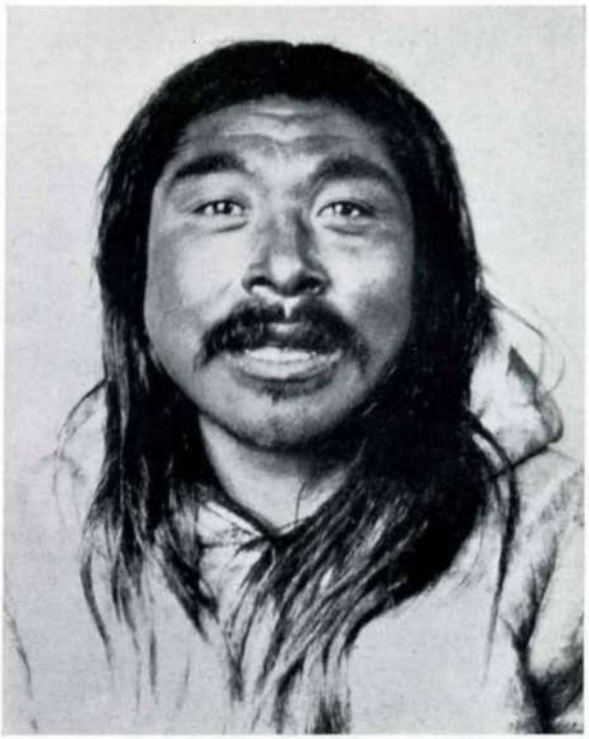
Hunters of the Bay



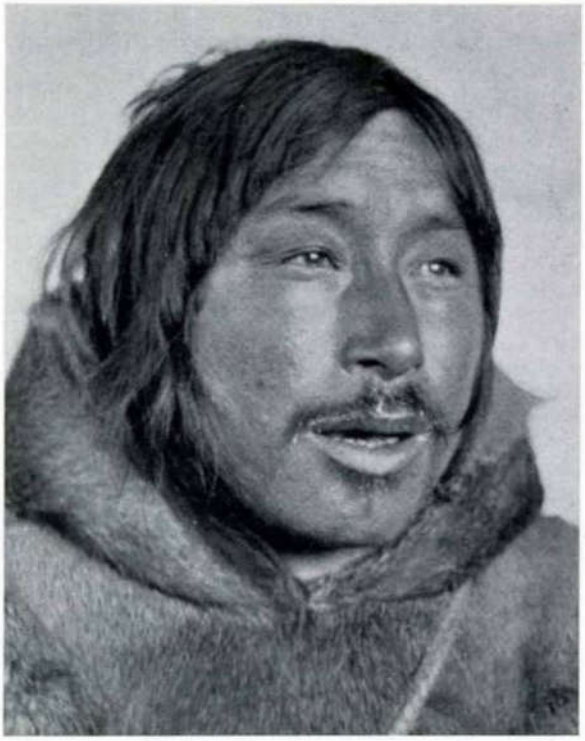
Amaulik Andlanat, Chesterfield Inlet, now dead, was famous among white travelers of a few years ago. He, alone, could build an igloo faster than two Eskimos.



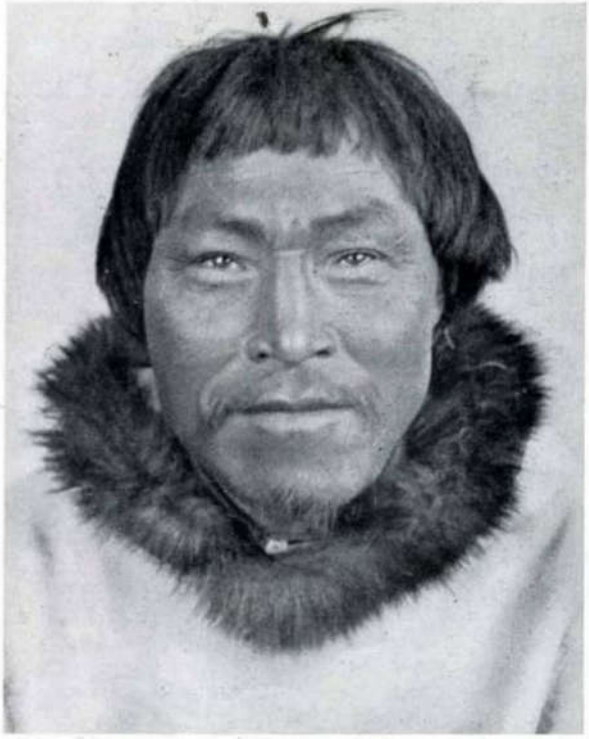
Kaviuk, Back's River



Koo-Mung-Wa, Igloolik



Kadlu, Repulse Bay



Oyerak, Back's River

More Light on Thomas Simpson

Douglas MacKay and W. Kaye Lamb

Mr. MacKay's broadcast is published through the courtesy of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Letters he had read in the British Columbia archives led him to believe that Thomas Simpson was of unsound mind at the time of his death. Accordingly Dr. Lamb was asked to write a story around these letters, and this follows Mr. MacKay's brief broadcast.

OVER THE CBC NETWORK

MOST of us, I am afraid, must be content to become forgotten Canadians. Three centuries ago Sir Thomas Browne wrote: "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. . . . The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man."

Oblivion, however, has not yet obscured Sir Thomas Browne, although the man whose story I tell briefly tonight is almost as though he had not been. The name of Thomas Simpson lives largely in historians wondering exactly how he met his strange, lonely death. The story is seldom told of his almost single-handed exploration in the then unknown Arctic. It is a story of Thomas Simpson against the wastes of ice and snow that had already swallowed many imposing, expensive expeditions.

Thomas Simpson was born in 1808 in the Highlands of Scotland. He survived poverty and ill-health to be graduated a Master of Arts with honours from King's College, Aberdeen, when he was twenty years of age. His widowed mother wanted him to be a minister, but Thomas could not speak the Gaelic and had doubts about his other qualifications. Now Thomas Simpson's mother had already been a foster mother to her brother's illegitimate son, and this same son was now well on with his great career in the Hudson's Bay Company. George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Territories, had already brought over to Canada two of Thomas Simpson's brothers.

In the spring of 1829, Thomas arrived at Lachine, near Montreal, to become secretary to Governor Simpson. Almost immediately he left with the spring party on the long, hard journey to Norway House on Lake Winnipeg. He never dreamed that he was to step quickly into the front rank of Arctic explorers and then to a dramatic death in the Red River valley.

Normally, life was long and the tempo slow in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. For Thomas Simpson destiny moved swiftly. He did not serve long as secretary to the Little Emperor of the fur trade. In his first year with the Company he gave all he had to the tough task of accompanying his cousin the Governor on the long tours of inspection by canoe and dog team. He learned the intricate routine of trading at the Fort Garry headquarters and at Hudson's Bay House, Lachine. It was no sheltered, clerical existence, and he learned quickly. When he was barely twenty-three years old, he commanded a brigade of canoes and troublesome, unruly voyageurs on the strenuous journey from Montreal to Fort Garry. The next year he made a formidable winter trek on snowshoes from Fort Garry seven hundred miles north and east to York Factory on Hudson Bay He had ten years of steady conditioning for his great adventure.

Historians have often elaborated upon the perfect combination of the man and the moment. Thomas Simpson was such a man. From the peculiar quality of his work and temperament, he stepped into the golden age of Arctic exploration. For Britain it dawned just after the Napoleonic wars, and it glowed with astonishing extravagance until the Crimean War. All that was patriotic and romantic in the British character responded to it. Books about the scientific and naval heroes who disappeared for two or three years into the wastes of ice and snow were popular reading. The planting of the flag, the tales of fortitude, and the inevitable two-volume narrative were as stirring as great international air races or sporting events of today.

Some expeditions were financed by the Admiralty. Others were raised by public subscription with a generosity which is impressive even in these days of organized giving. Naval officers who had been midshipmen with Nelson found no very great difficulty in getting tens of thousands of pounds for these ventures into Canadian Arctic seas in search of a North West Passage.

And that brings us back to the Hudson's Bay Company and the clerk Thomas Simpson. Back in 1670 the Company undertook as part of its magnificent Royal Charter to search for the North West Passage. And through the stormy years it had searched. All the resulting evidence had made fur traders extremely sceptical as to the existence of the North West Passage. But, aside from this private belief, if anyone else

undertook such expeditions, the Company was royally chartered to keep on looking for the passage.

Thomas Simpson was chosen for the task. In 1836 he was warned to hold himself in readiness to share with Peter Warren Dease the joint command of an exploration party to the Western Arctic. He was given elaborate instructions, and outfitted simply with a small party of voyageurs.

From the first day, Thomas prepared himself for the job before him with all the zeal of Scottish scholarship. He toughened his body and sharpened his mind. He studied astronomy, surveying and mathematics. Knowing he would be expected to write lengthy reports of his journeys, he undertook to weed secretarial mannerisms from his literary style. For polish he read "dear Sir Walter" and a few of the classics.

Alone, in winter, he crossed the great interior from Fort Garry to Chipewyan in the Mackenzie River valley. There he met the party he and Dease were to command. Just a hundred years ago—in the summer of 1837—they went down the Mackenzie River to the sea. They turned westward on the Arctic coast, and by a series of exhausting, forced marches drove themselves on. The party reached the absolute end of its endurance. But not Thomas Simpson. Single-handed, he fought ice and tide in an open Eskimo boat along the shore of the Arctic Ocean until he reached Point Barrow, the uttermost tip of Alaska, and saw the Pacific Ocean. He had rounded out another of the great blank spaces on Canada's map, and furthered the work done by Hearne, Mackenzie and Franklin.

It was very gallant, but it was only a beginning. When that winter of 1837-38 came, the party retreated to Great Bear lake to construct their headquarters, Fort Confidence. Names of fur trade forts established in those years ring with the qualities of men opening frontiers—Fort Reliance, Fort Good Hope, Fort Defiance, Fort Resolution.

Through the dark Arctic months, Simpson made maps, wrote up his journal, and read Shakespeare, Smollet and Plutarch for diversion.

With acute discomfort and in deep peril, Simpson and Dease descended the Coppermine River in the summer of 1838. This year the Arctic coast defeated them, and they retreated to Fort Confidence to wait for another year. Twelve months of limited diet, wet clothing, piercing cold, and harsh isolation.

Simpson's spirits were high in the summer of 1839 and the second summer of his expedition. He seemed to have become mildly intoxicated by that strange ecstasy which seems to touch explorers on the verge of the unknown. It is reflected in a final despatch which he wrote to the Governor, the chief factors and chief traders of the Northern Department:

"Our boats are repaired, our provisions are on the banks of the Coppermine, and as soon as that impetuous stream bursts its icy fetters in June the party will be there with hopes no wise dampened by the hardship and languor of a second Arctic winter."

So, the expedition resumed its activity. Down north they went to the Arctic coast again. This time, by forcing themselves to the uttermost of human endurance, they outlined for Canada the coastline of the Western Arctic almost as far east as Hudson Bay. It was a magnificent effort, demonstrating—as other fur traders were later to prove—the futility of a navigable North West Passage. Theirs was a tiny party, maintained at a trifling expense but commanded by resolute men. It was conducted on the principles which had governed wilderness travel and Arctic exploration since the boy Kelsey went inland from Hudson Bay in 1690.

They took every advantage of the game and natural resources of the country. Without going native, they adopted those features of native life which best served their objectives. Still the lesson was lost on the Admiralty school of exploration, and the great wooden sailing ships groped into the Arctic and into trouble, manned by stout-hearted Britons who brought their dress uniforms, swords and silver plate with them as a matter of course.

In October, 1839, Thomas Simpson was able to write to the Governor and Committee: "Honorable Sirs: We have the honour to report the completion of all the primary objects of the expedition."

Four months later he was back at Fort Garry. He had covered 1,900 miles with dogs in sixty-one days, including all stops, in this final dash from the Arctic to Red River. It was the end of three years and two months of persevering Arctic work.

The London press greeted the results of the expedition with generous enthusiasm.

Rested, and with his reports completed, Thomas Simpson became fired with a single idea. He wanted to return to the Arctic and his career as an explorer. No immediate orders came. He wrote pleading letters to all his superiors in the Company, begging to be allowed to go north. Studied today, these letters reveal an excitable, half mystic frame of mind. Cut off by the slow methods of communication, he knew nothing of the praise his work had received in London. He became obsessed with the flag-planting fever. He wrote: "I feel an irresistible presentment that I am destined to bear the Honourable Company's flag fairly through and out of the Polar Sea." And again: "Fame I will have —but it must be alone." He was determined not to share the glory of his future work with any joint commander.

While Thomas worked himself into a torture at Fort Garry, George Simpson, Governor of the Company, was at Lachine. No approval for further Arctic exploration had arrived from London headquarters when the express canoes left Lachine for the Red River. Consequently there was no order for Thomas to proceed north. The young man was exasperated and deep in despondency. Letters to his friends revealed utter despair and a strange reference to his destiny being "settled." In extreme discouragement he decided to return to England. That June he started south from Fort Garry across the prairie by the overland route to St. Paul.

It is the bitter tragedy of this story that Simpson never knew of the ship even then arriving in Hudson Bay from England carrying despatches to authorize his return to the Arctic to continue his work. These messages never reached him, and he died without knowing of the award of the Queen's Arctic medal and a life pension of £100 a year.

On the summer day when the mail pouches from the Company ship were coming ashore at York Factory, Thomas Simpson was riding south on the hot Dakota plains with a party of four halfbreeds. They were heavily armed as they passed through the Sioux country of the United States.

The rest of the story is taken from the evidence of two halfbreeds. They swore before an American justice of the peace that, after eight days' travel, Simpson had said he was sick. While two of the party were putting up the tent, Simpson shot and killed

them, declaring they had been plotting to murder him. The other two fled up the trail for help. Hours later they returned with a larger party. They found Thomas Simpson lying dead, his gun beside him, and with gunshot wounds in his head.

The American authorities pronounced it suicide. This verdict was accepted by the government of the Red River Colony.

It was a grim chain of circumstances which sent the courageous young fur trader to his death. The blow to his pride, the almost uncontrolled egotism, the delayed mails, and perhaps the culmination of lonely Arctic years probably explain the suicide.

Thomas had a brother in the Company's service, who resigned to write a book in which he tried to prove Thomas had been murdered by the halfbreeds. The brother claimed the halfbreeds believed Thomas carried among his papers the secret of the North West Passage. Even yet the brother's story appears from time to time as a subject of controversy.

Tonight it is enough to say that this young Scot has a place in our Canadian history. A scholar, a gentleman of unquestioned physical courage, burning patriotism, and loyalty to his employers, his story is worth preserving. The map of this Dominion, with its familiar contours which we have known since our school days, owes its northern outline to Thomas Simpson. If only for these few minutes, I am glad to have rescued him from among the shadows of forgotten Canadians.

SIMPSON'S LETTERS, BY W. KAYE LAMB

> *"I have done all in my power to unravel this mysterious event, and if we are not now in possession of the true state [of] the case, the probability is, that it will never be brought to life."*
> *—Duncan Finlayson, December 18, 1840.*

Today we still wonder exactly what happened after Thomas Simpson rode out of Fort Garry in June of 1840, bound for St. Peters on the first stage of a journey to England. We still wonder whether, even at this late date, any fresh light can be thrown upon the tragedy. So far as we know the witnesses never varied their story, and no document or tradition has appeared which adds to their testimony. Hope of securing additional evidence thus depends upon Simpson himself, and upon the possibility of letting him take the stand in his own defence through the medium of his letters. Fortunately a considerable number of these have survived. Correspondence with the Hudson's Bay Company, with Governor Simpson, and with his brother Alexander is printed in *The Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson*, published by Alexander Simpson in 1845. Other letters are included in *The Hargrave Correspondence*, recently edited by Professor Glazebrook for the Champlain Society. A file of no less than fifty-seven private letters to his intimate friend Donald Ross, eighteen of which were written after he started his work of exploration in the Arctic, is preserved in the archives of British Columbia. On certain points additional information can be gleaned from the *Narrative* describing his Arctic expeditions which Simpson left in manuscript, and which was published in 1843. Though this *Narrative* carries the story no further than February, 1840, it is germane to our subject; for even a superficial consideration of Simpson's career makes it clear that his state of mind in the ensuing months

Thomas Simpson

was the product not merely of the immediate circumstances, but of the whole Arctic episode.

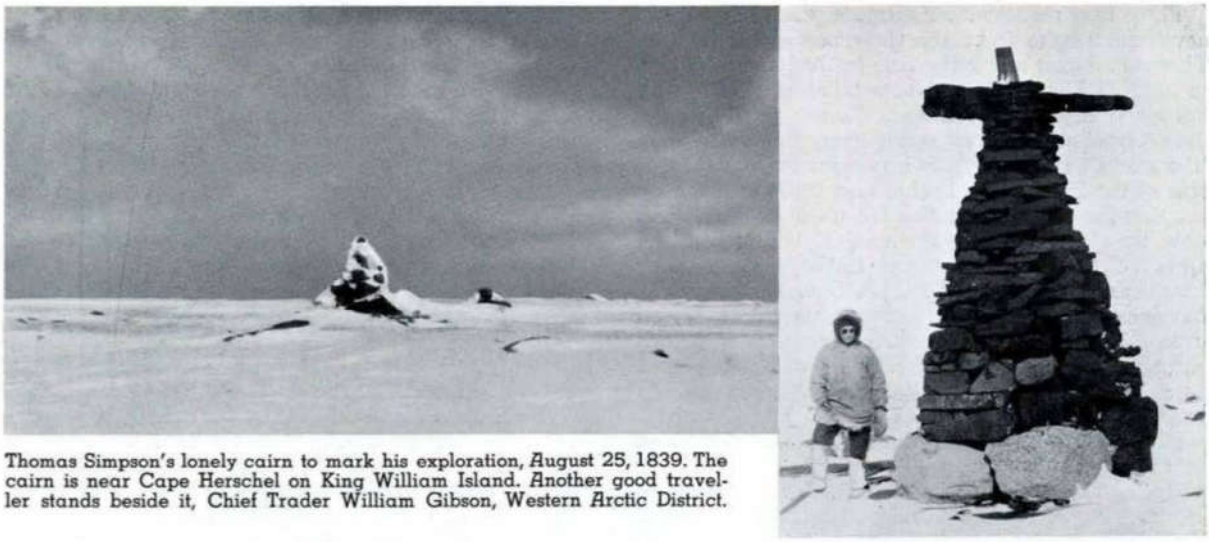
Simpson had seized upon the Arctic commission with hope and enthusiasm. It came to him after plodding years of service as a clerk and secretary which had made him feel his talents wasted and unrecognized. " . . . I enter on this enterprise," he wrote to Governor Simpson, "with confidence and alacrity. It holds out to my imagination the prospects of realizing some, at least, of the romantic aspirations which first led me to the New World, and disappointment has given place to ardent hope."[1]

Leaving Fort Garry in mid-winter, on December 1, 1836, he reached Fort Chipewyan, a distance of almost 1300 miles, after only forty-six days of travel. "My walk from Red River," he wrote to the Governor with apparent modesty, when referring to his record journey, "has invigorated me in body and in mind, and the mere "office man" is laid aside for a sphere of action more congenial to both my taste and my acquirements."[2]

But true modesty had no place in Simpson's character—nor could it have any place until spectacular achievement and public recognition had wiped out the sense of frustration which had grown upon him during the years in the service he had found so tedious and considered so wasteful. Even the Arctic commission had its exasperating aspect, for Simpson had been forced, because of his youth and for reasons of policy, to share the command with Peter Warren Dease. But half a command was better than none; and Simpson's private opinion of his overland journey, and the future to which he intended it to lead, is revealed by a casual reference in a letter to Donald Ross to his "dawning credit as a Traveller."[3]

After months of preparation at Fort Chipewyan the party headed for the Arctic on June 1, 1837. Simpson was in an optimistic mood. "No traveller, I believe," he wrote to Ross the day before the departure, "ever started on a voyage in higher spirits than your humble

1. Simpson to Governor Simpson, May 31, 1837; quoted in *The Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson*, by Alexander Simpson, London, 1845, p. 223.
2. *Ibid.*
3. Simpson to Donald Ross, May 31, 1837 (Archives of B.C.).



Thomas Simpson's lonely cairn to mark his exploration, August 25, 1839. The cairn is near Cape Herschel on King William Island. Another good traveller stands beside it, Chief Trader William Gibson, Western Arctic District.

servant; how light & exhilerating is the free air of the North, contrasted to the penthouses of York Factory and Red River! It shall go very hard with me if I ever turn *copyist* again; Seven years of that work well nigh made a fool of me, but I now feel the mind expanding again with an elasticity commensurate to the grievous pressure to which it was so long subjected. In short, My Dear Friend, I am happy most happy; and trusting that you are no less so, though your cares are weightier far than mine."[4] On June 25, when far down the Mackenzie, he sent Ross a cheery note "from the region of unfading day, and alas! of undying mosquitoes." "By the 10th of next month, at the latest," he added, "we hope to be on our ocean theatre; but whether to enact a comedy or a tragedy the fates must determine."[5]

Ten weeks later he returned in triumph, after having traced the Arctic coast from the Mackenzie to Point Barrow. In the words of the first paragraph of the official dispatch to the Company, he had "the honour to report the complete success of the expedition this summer to the westward of Mackenzie's River."[6] Page after page of vivid description followed; but in the midst of triumph there was once again for Simpson a sense of frustration, which came to the fore in his private letters. Of necessity the official account appeared over the joint signatures of himself and Peter Warren Dease, in spite of the fact that in the Arctic Dease had been anxious to turn back, and had not even accompanied Simpson on the all-important last dash to Point Barrow. But in a letter to his brother he frankly declared that "I, and I *alone*, have the well-earned honour of uniting the Arctic to the great Western Ocean, and of unfurling the British flag on Point Barrow."[7] He was equally frank in a letter to Governor Simpson, in which he claimed "the *exclusive* honour of unfurling the Company's flag on Point Barrow," and recognition and reward commensurate with his services. "Consider, I beseech you," he wrote to the Governor, "the importance of the geographical problem solved; the able officers whom it baffled; the rewards conferred upon them for what they effected; and do not reject my just claims, although I am one of your own relatives."[8]

A few days later Simpson left for Fort Confidence, the winter headquarters for the expedition which had been built on Great Slave Lake. No word of the praise or acknowledgment which he craved reached him there, and a feeling that he was battling against hopeless odds grew upon him during the long and terrible winter which followed. His letters reveal this state of mind, and its causes. There was first the irksome necessity of sharing credit with his fellow commander. "My last to you was from Fort Norman in September," he wrote to his brother in January, 1838, "announcing our safe and early return from our first glorious campaign: I should say *mine*, for mine alone was the victory."[9] Next there was the lack of recognition. "Had I been in His Majesty's service," he had written to Donald Ross a few days previously, "I should have expected some brilliant reward, but the poor fur trade has none such to bestow. I will have the honor and trouble of publishing our travels, no doubt, but the subject is so hackneyed and exhausted, and there are so few opportunities for *vivid* description among interminable ice and almost tangible fogs, that little remains to be won in that line."[10] Finally, there was the amiable but exasperating presence of Peter Warren Dease himself, whom Simpson both liked and despised, but with whom he managed to live "on the happiest terms," if his own statement is to be trusted. "Mr. Dease is a very worthy man," he told Ross, "well acquainted with the management of Indians and of an inland establishment, but it is no vanity to say that every thing which requires either planning or execution devolves upon me."[11] The letter to his brother describes Dease as "a worthy, indolent, illiterate soul, and moves just as I give the impulse."[12]

4. Simpson to Donald Ross, June 1, 1837 (Archives of B.C.).
5. Simpson to Donald Ross, June 25, 1837 (Archives of B.C.).
6. Simpson to the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, September 5, 1837; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 229.
7. Simpson to Alexander Simpson, early September, 1837; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 257.
8. Simpson to Governor Simpson, September 8, 1837; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 255.
9. Simpson to Alexander Simpson, January 29, 1838; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 273.
10. Simpson to Donald Ross, January 18, 1838 (Archives of B.C.).
11. *Ibid.*
12. Simpson to Alexander Simpson, January 29, 1838; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 276.

Three long months later Simpson was still without news and letters from the Governor or his friends. There is a bitter and surly tone to the letter he wrote in April to Donald Ross, whom he accused of having "dropped the correspondence. We are totally in the dark," he continued, "regarding every thing passing in 'the world': and it is from a rumour current on this side of the Portage La Loche, that we have given up praying for old William the 4th (sain his soul), and now imagine ourselves the subjects of a youthful Queen. Considering that we are in the way of naming countries and so forth, we think their Honors might have condescended to announce to us so interesting an event. They do not deserve such servants as we are, as they do not know how to treat us. Our proceedings I suppose interest nobody—such as they are, you will see them in our official letter . . . . Have we been sent to the Arctic regions that our means & lives should be the sport of a tyrranical Council?"[13]

Spring and the return of sunshine and activity, to say nothing of the long-awaited letters from friends and the Company, put Simpson once again in high good humor; but his winter letters reveal an emotional instability, and a smoldering resentment and exasperation which were to burst forth again later. Meanwhile the summer expedition of 1838 proved successful, and September found Simpson back at Fort Confidence, facing another Arctic winter, but writing cheerfully to his friends and his brother. A measure of recognition had come his way, and Simpson blossomed forth under its warming influence. As has been noted, his was a nature in which praise composed a soil where modesty could take root; and in a measure Simpson was himself aware of this. He even made it part of the basis of his claim for a reward for his first great Arctic adventure, in 1837. "Such preferment," he had written to Governor Simpson, "instead of cooling my zeal, would animate and inflame it, and at the same time give me the standing requisite to the creditable production of our travels to the world."[14] But neither then nor in 1838 did the Governor yield, even though Thomas Simpson no longer troubled to mince matters on the subject of Peter Warren Dease. "All that has been done is the fruit of my own personal exertions," he wrote, "achieved under circumstances of peculiar difficulty." Dease he accused of timidity and overcaution, and of being in every way unsuited for the post he held. Had he been free to push on, Simpson felt that more could have been done in the precious summer days of 1838. "But my excellent senior," he told the Governor, "is so much engrossed with family affairs, that he is disposed to risk nothing; and is, therefore, the last man in the world for a discoverer. I write not in anger but in sorrow; I esteem Mr. Dease for his upright private character, while I cannot help regarding him and his followers as a dead weight upon the expedition."[15]

What Simpson obviously longed for was Dease's recall—to be left in sole command and to his own devices, with a free hand to carve out a kingdom of discovery in the Arctic he felt certain he had the ability to conquer. That was denied him; yet his letters show that, even during a winter made miserable by the continual presence of starving Indians, his spirits never languished as they had done the previous year. The reason for this is immensely important in view of the sequel. It seems clear that at this point Simpson saw his ambition looming up ahead, destined to become a reality if only he could muster sufficient patience to wait another year. For he was confident that the season of 1839 would be insufficient to complete the task of tracing the Arctic coastline east from the Coppermine River to the point reached by the expeditions which had worked westward from Hudson Bay, and he was reasonably certain that Dease would not remain a fourth season in the north. Even Governor Simpson would scarcely dare to appoint a substitute joint-commander under the circumstances, and Thomas Simpson would fall heir to the two things he most coveted—sole command of the expedition, and the glory of completing the last portion of its work without the necessity of sharing the credit with any colleague.

Fired by this prospect and ambition, Simpson was at his energetic best in the summer of 1839, and the expedition which he led eastward accomplished all that he had hoped and planned that it should. In the opening words of his official dispatch to the Company, he had "the honour to report the completion of all the primary objects of the expedition—the entire fulfilment of Governor Simpson's original instructions . . ."[16] Once again the long report was forwarded over the joint signatures of Simpson and Peter Warren Dease, but upon this occasion it seemed to matter less. The future was what counted, and a final expedition in 1840 was what absorbed Simpson's attention, and what he was determined to have. "All that now remains unknown of Arctic America," he wrote to Donald Ross in October, "is the great gulph of Boothia (otherwise Prince Regent's Inlet), from whence we returned; and 'none shall take it out of my hands.' Not only my life, but the whole proceeds of my commission, shall be devoted to an enterprise, which cannot fail of success and glory."[17]

Simpson was again in an exalted mood, similar to but far more intense than the spirit of triumph in which he had returned from his first Arctic success in the autumn of 1837. And circumstances soon revived the feeling of frustration which had destroyed his happiness and reduced him to a state of mental gloom and turmoil before the spring of 1838. Instead of granting him the command and permission to proceed, Governor Simpson suggested that Thomas Simpson should take a year's leave of absence—an idea which filled him with alarm. "So far from wishing to avail myself of the leave of absence, which you have so kindly offered unasked," he informed the Governor, "it gives me great uneasiness that a whole year will probably elapse before the final expedition can be set on foot that is destined to accomplish this *North-east*, as my excursion to Point Barrow in 1837 achieved the *North-west* Passage."[18] He saw no practical obstacle which could not be overcome, and if money were required he was prepared, as he informed Donald Ross, and now informed the Governor, to pledge every penny he possessed, and his future income for as many years as might be necessary, to repay the cost of the expedition. For what Simpson craved had no relation to pounds, shillings and pence. "Fame I will have," he arrogantly told the Governor, "but it must be *alone*."[19] No super-

13. Simpson to Donald Ross, April 23, 1838 (Archives of B.C.).

14. Simpson to Governor Simpson, September 8, 1837; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 255.

15. Simpson to Governor Simpson, September 18, 1838; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 299-300.

16. Simpson to the Hudson's Bay Company, October 16, 1839; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 315.

17. Simpson to Donald Ross, October 26, 1839 (Archives of B.C.).

18. Simpson to Governor Simpson, October 25, 1839; quoted in *Life of Simpson*, p. 338.

19. *Ibid*, p. 339.

numerary like Dease was to accompany him this time. "The coast," he concluded, "from the Strait of the Fury and Hecla to York Factory, is still more dangerous for boats than that which we have tried so well this season; but my whole soul is set upon it, and I feel an irresistible presentiment that I am destined to bear the Honourable Company's flag fairly through and out of the Polar Sea."[20]

These letters to Ross and Governor Simpson were written late in October, 1839. Then silence fell once more for Simpson. No news came from the Governor; no praise and recognition, which meant so much to him, came his way. After a few months he made a rapid journey back to Fort Garry, where he arrived February 2, 1840, and made such tentative plans for a fourth Arctic expedition as lack of official authorization, and its attendant uncertainties as to time and place, made possible. His hopes rose when the dispatches from London arrived, only to be dashed when they failed to contain any instructions. "Last night the long looked for packet from England arrived," he wrote to Donald Ross on March 25, "but as it brought me no word of remembrance from any one, I have of course no news to communicate." Nevertheless he added, referring to his future expedition, that he felt "as sure as I exist that it will be undertaken"—a remark which recalls the presentiment he had mentioned to Governor Simpson. He tried to be cheerful, but admitted his discouragement to Donald Ross: "Time passes with me very heavily since your departure; indeed I never remember being thoroughly in the blues in my life before—a melancholy reward certainly for all I have done & suffered of late!"[21] Weeks slipped by and he still hoped doggedly; but on June 2 the annual brigade arrived from Hudson Bay and Simpson was once again left with no news, no word of praise, and no inkling whatever as to the future intentions of the Company in relation to the Arctic.

He decided suddenly to adopt a suggestion and go to England. The reasons for this move are fairly obvious —it was something to do, the activity of travel would ease the old feeling of frustration which must have surged up within him, and in London he would be able to negotiate directly with those in authority. Within twenty-four hours we find him writing a farewell letter to Donald Ross: "My own destiny is at length decided, and I must away, across the places & through the States, to England. All the arrangements for a new expedition must therefore be over till next spring, when I shall be up, God willing, to start with or about the same time as the portage brigade."[22] This letter was dated June 3—and those with a taste for the ironical will relish the fact that in London, on that same day, a formal letter ratifying Simpson's plan to complete the exploration of the Arctic coastline was being written by the Secretary to the Governor and Committee for transmission by a vessel about to sail for Hudson Bay.

On June 5 Simpson wrote to his brother—the last letter from his pen known to exist. Both it and the letter to Ross appear to be perfectly normal; neither can by any stretch of the imagination be called the product of a deranged mind. But it is equally beyond doubt that they were written by a man deeply, perhaps mortally, wounded in his pride and ambition, who was seeking to hold in check the bitterness that seethed within him. Long Arctic winters and years of emotional strain can leave tempers and minds which snap under sudden provocation; and in view of his Arctic experience this was in all probability the cause of the shootings which led to the death of Thomas Simpson.

One circumstance should be added to complete the picture. Simpson left Fort Garry in company with two halfbreeds; only halfbreeds were present when the shootings occurred; and it was no secret that between Simpson and all halfbreeds there lay a burning enmity. It appears to have dated from an incident which occurred at Red River in December, 1834, which Alexander Simpson describes in some detail.[23] The essential fact is that Simpson gave a drunken breed who refused to leave his office a black eye and a bloody nose—an incident which almost provoked a serious riot, and which was never forgotten on either side. Simpson, for example, remarked in his *Narrative*, that the French-Canadian halfbreeds were "with rare exceptions, characterised by the paternal levity and extravagence, superadded to the uncontrollable passions of the Indian blood."[24] In a letter to Donald Ross written from the Arctic early in 1839 he predicted that they would cause dire trouble for the colonists; and added: "I regret it the more on account of the valued friends whom we have there; but frankly confess that I have not the least sympathy with the depraved and worthless half breed population."[25] At least one of Simpson's friends, Chief Factor John Dugald Cameron, believed that this enmity explained his death; and a passage in a letter from Cameron to James Hargrave is worth quoting: "But—do we know all the truth? I feel convinced that we do not. From my knowledge of Poor Thomas's character—I am sure there must have been a quarrel between him and the others before the work of Blood began. Mr. Simpson was a hardy active walker—anxious to make an expeditious Journey he would have found fault with the slow pace of his fellow travellers—would have made use of harsh remarks which fellows as firey as himself and who had no great love for him, would have soon led into quarrels—and from quarrels to the work of Death. Hence I am persuaded—he shot the two men in self defence, was perhaps himself wounded, or at all events was dispatched the next morning by some one of the returning Party. The stories such as they are, do not tell well at all."[26]

The mystery remains a mystery, but a guess may be hazarded in conclusion. Cameron knew more of Simpson's relations with the halfbreeds then we do, but we know more of the stress and strain of the Arctic episode than did he. Can the tragedy not have resulted from the combination of the two? Cannot enmity, flaring up over some trivial incident, have thrown a sudden strain on Simpson's mind which, for a fatal moment, pulled it awry? Cannot we imagine a halfbreed, whom in any event he despised, becoming, as it were, all the obstacles to his great ambition suddenly personified—something tangible which he could come to grips with, and so relieve the straining tension which struggled within him?

In any event, such a suggestion seems to be as near to the solution of Simpson's mysterious death as we shall ever come.

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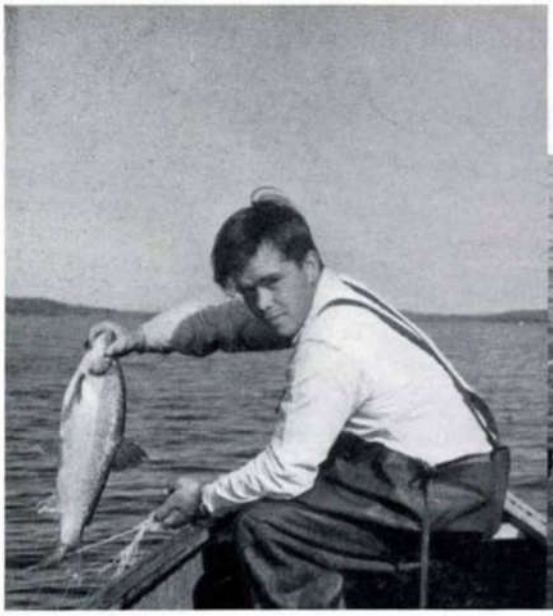
20. *Ibid*, p. 339-340.
21. Simpson to Donald Ross, March 25, 1840 (Archives of B.C.).
22. Simpson to Donald Ross, June 3, 1840 (Archives of B.C.).
23. *See Life of Simpson*, p. 100-102.
24. Thomas Simpson, *Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America; effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the years 1836-39*, London, 1843, p. 14.
25. Simpson to Donald Ross, January 30, 1839 (Archives of B.C.).
26. J. D. Cameron to James Hargrave, April 25, 1841; quoted in *The Hargrave Correspondence*, edited by G. P. de T. Glazebrook, Toronto, 1938, p. 344-345.



Bob Rankin, clerk at Island Lake, nets a whitefish.

Fish nets are heavy and lifting them into the boat without losing the catch is hard work.

Fish for Huskies

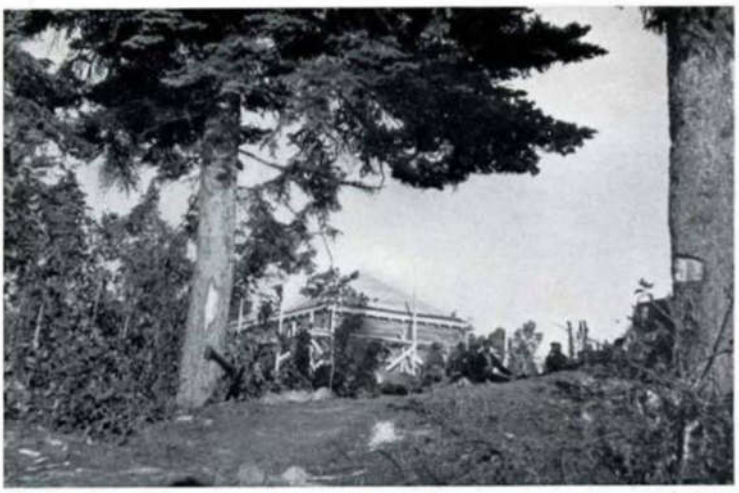
John Watson

A poor haul, whitefish, red suckers and marias.

The fish are chopped up before serving the dogs.

Huskies like this pup have a pail of water with their fish.

Fish complete with bones is standard summer diet for husky pups.



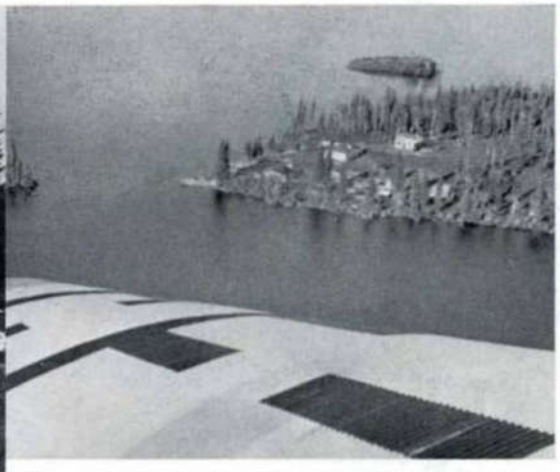
The new warehouse from the dock.

Richard, a Salteaux-Cree counsellor, adzing logs for the new house.

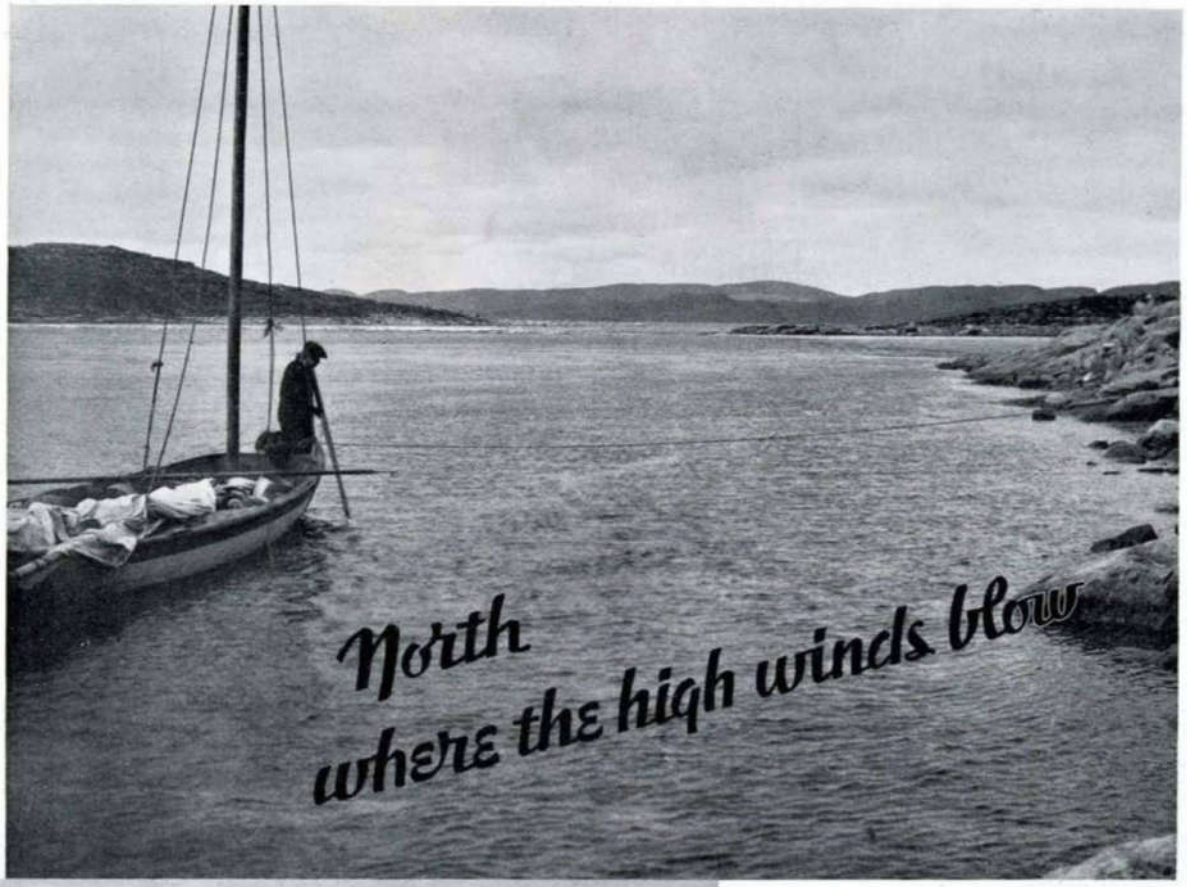
New Island Lake Post

Hauling logs from the shore for the basement of the house. Huge trees were cut this spring within five miles of the post and floated to the site.

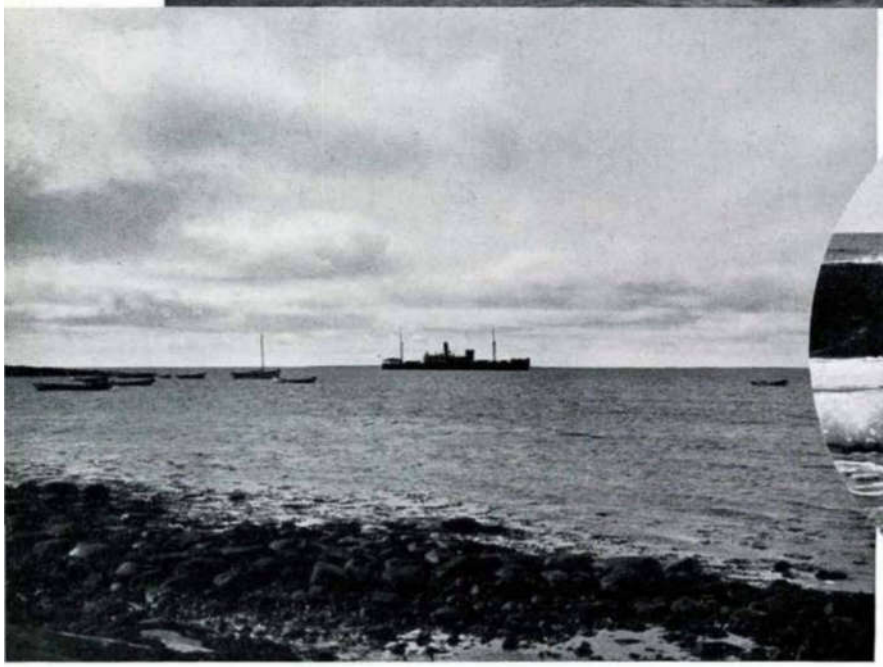
The 12x12 logs are laid seven deep for the basement which will have a cement floor and a wood-burning furnace.



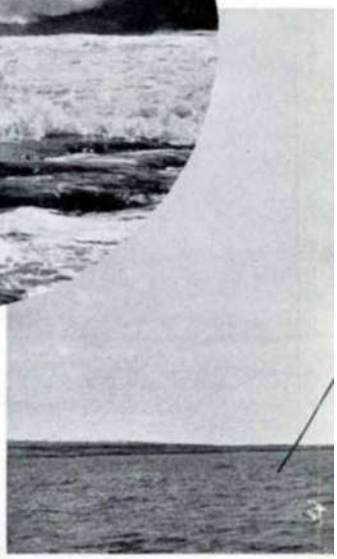
Sunset at Island Lake, and good-bye from the air.



J. L. FORD

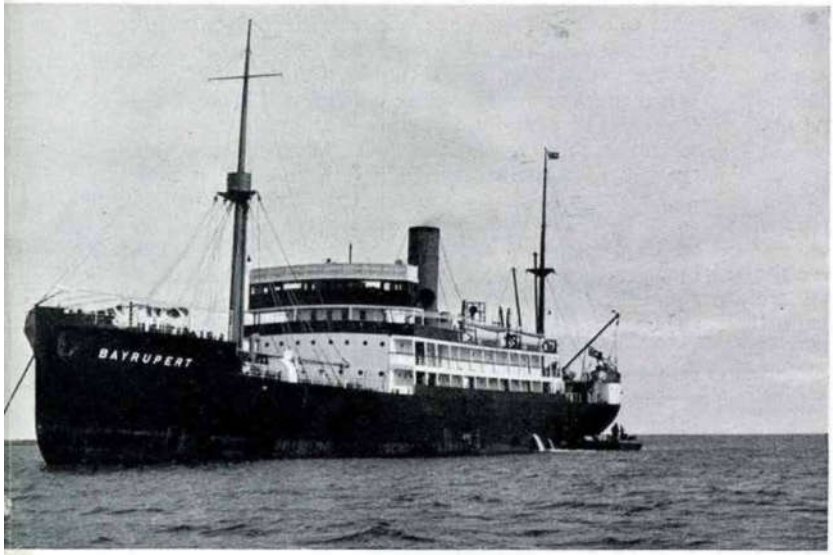


The entrance to Tesseuk Lake from Wager Bay. The falls in the distance run backward at high tide.

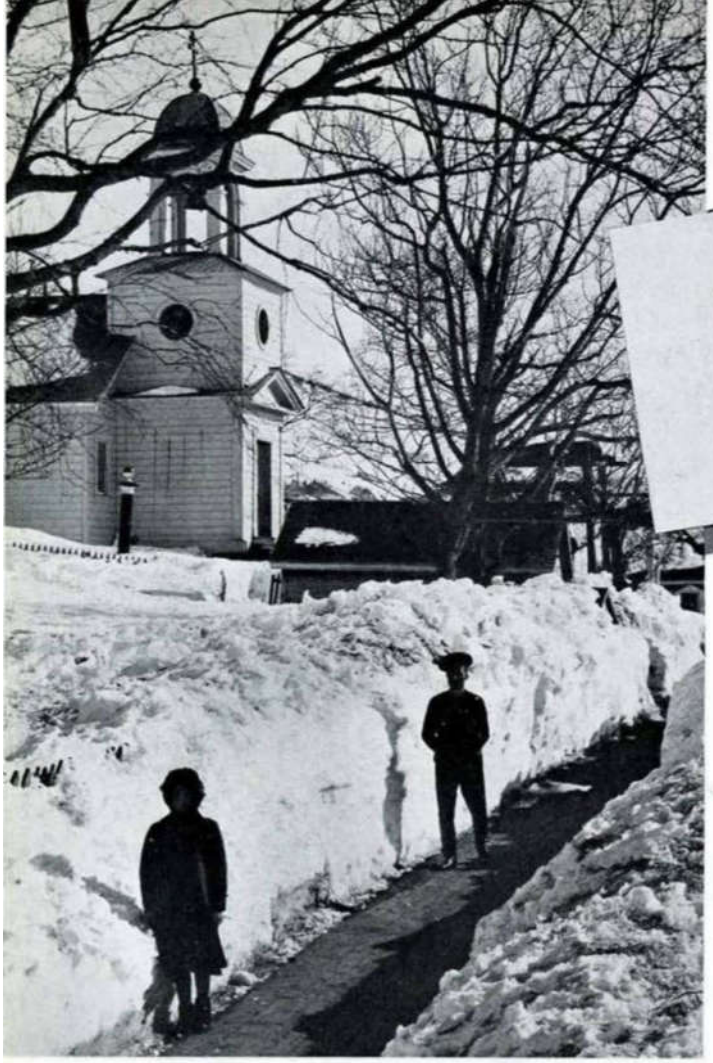


S.S. Bayrupert off Chesterfield on her maiden voyage in 1926.

A painted ship upon a painted ocean—Eskimo leave Repulse Bay.



The Bayrupert the year before she foundered off the Labrador.



At Petropavlosk in winter.

Trading into Siberia
HBC Outfit 252

L. R. W. BEAVIS, Master Mariner

As an experiment in the fur trade of Siberia, in 1921 the Hudson's Bay Company outfitted a small expedition to Kamchatka. This is the story of the travels of the little motor vessel, the "Casco," which left Vancouver in June deeply laden with supplies and two forty-foot tunnel launches for use on the rivers of Kamchatka. The Company had had a representative in Russia for two years, buying furs and inquiring into the extent of the market.

At this time the eastern portion of Siberia was called the Far Eastern Republic of Siberia, separate from the Soviet of Moscow, yet looking to them for support. Neither Great Britain, United States nor Canada had diplomatic relations with them. The fur trade had been disrupted by the revolution, but, with reasonable quiet now it could again be developed into a profit. The Company had no guarantee of safety whatever. Changeable governments made life and trading difficult for Hudson's Bay men, and the Company's flag flew over numerous posts for only four years.

Before the coming of the Company one or two American firms traded in a desultory sort of way, the best known of these being Hibbert & Swanson. It was Mr. Swanson who, in one of his vessels, rescued the crew of the ill-fated *Karluk* from Wrangel Island.

The *Casco*, a small twin-screw motor ship, was really much too small, and a lot of supplies had to be left behind and afterwards freighted to Nome. The tunnel launches took up all the space on the forward deck and reached right to the windlass. They were put on board by a big floating crane. No one knew exactly how they were to be taken off. The captain of the *Casco* was a Swede, and he had on board his wife and little boy. This was not at all to the liking of the heads of the expedition. Fortunately, the weather was fine across the Pacific or I very much doubt if the launches would have arrived.

During the first year Mr. Elphick was in charge of the expedition for the Company and he had with him a Mr. Hoogendyk, a Hollander who spoke Russian fluently, and a younger man named Skuce, as assistants. We also had two Canadian gas engineers for the tunnel launches. On arrival at Petropavlosk, we met with upheaval amongst the authorities. Eventually, after investigating, everything was smoothed over by paying taxes, tolls, and bribes for the right to trade. While this was going on, the captain and crew of the *Casco* were wondering how they were going to get the tunnel launches safely into the water. The masts and gear were totally inadequate, and there was very little to be had ashore. Here again, the Company had to come to the rescue and purchase spars and blocks which should have been supplied by the ship. Once the launches were in the water that Swede captain gave a sigh of relief.

Petropavlosk, the metropolis of Kamchatka, is on Avancha Bay, a magnificent land-locked harbour, surrounded by volcanoes snow-clad the year round. The small town is on a hillside of the inner harbour, and it is built in terraces. In 1854, during the Crimean war a combined fleet of six British and French vessels made an unsuccessful attempt to capture the town. The British portion of this defeated fleet, consisting of the *President*, *Pique* and *Virago*, returned to Esquimalt in August that year. The total loss in the attack was fifty-

S.S. "Baychimo" and the chartered Japanese steamer at Petropavlosk.

Heading north in Okhotz Sea, the "Baychimo" was held up several days by this storm.

five officers and men killed, and one hundred and thirty-four wounded, six of whom afterward died. In the little graveyard at the back of the town are memorials to the fallen British, French, and Russian officers and sailors. Previous to our visit, the Bolsheviki had broken the cross over the graves of the British. I myself found the brass tablet, and brought it back to Vancouver. The next year the British Admiralty decided to replace the old cross with a new one made of British Columbia fir, and the plate was attached, and they requested the Hudson's Bay Company to take it out and have it replaced. This was done on the second expedition, and the cross was unveiled on June 4 that year after a service in the Russian church. This ceremony was attended by the Russian Governor and Hudson's Bay Company officials.

At this time the White Guard was in power. There was an interesting inscription on the plate stating that it had been erected by H.M.S. *Egeria* in 1878. Later this vessel did valuable survey work in British Columbia waters. Another memento we also discovered, this time down at the wharf. On the under side of a piece of board nailed up was the name *Thermopylae*, 1876. This famous clipper put into Hong Kong on May 13, bound from Sydney to Petropavlosk, refitted, and proceeded. So the Russian navy had their coal brought to them by a very celebrated ship, a ship that had at one time raced with the Hudson's Bay Company's *Titania*, and now, years later, on this self-same wharf a great Company steamer, the *Baychimo*, was discharging freight and the Hudson's Bay Company flag was flying in the breeze over the sheds.

On our first expedition, while in Petropavlosk with the *Casco*, our two launch engineers were killed by a gas explosion. The Company bought a small plot in the cemetery, and a year later we erected crosses in their memory.

The Company had from the first leased a large house in Petropavlosk as an office and a place of residence for their officials. It was called the Hudson's Bay Dominion.

Once during my stay in Petropavlosk, while I was waiting for the *Baychimo* to arrive from North Cape, (I had just despatched the Jap steamer *Koyo Maru* back to Hakodate), I was awakened just after daybreak by a guard of four soldiers with fixed bayonets at my bedside. I was told to dress and go with them to the guard house. This was the White Guard, a remnant of Semenoff's army. They wanted the Company's launches. I had wind of this, and had had them dismantled, and parts of the engines buried. They told me my salary was confiscated, and, when I informed them that I had none there as it was only payable in Canada, they said I was to be deported. I said I was only waiting for our ship to arrive so we could all go. At that they released me with many curses. As far

as I could see, they were no better than the Bolsheviks.

The Company established several posts on the Okhotz Sea during 1921. The chief difficulty was to find trustworthy Russians to manage them. Bolsheresk and Tigel were among these on the west coast of Kamchatka. It was often a difficult and tedious job to land supplies, as on all the west coast of Kamchatka a heavy surf prevails most of the time, always dangerous, and at times impossible to land. The weather on the coast is generally fair during May, June and July, with occasional gales, but almost always there is a heavy swell and surf on the beach. After August the weather is not reliable.

One could hardly imagine that in years gone by Bolsheresk had been an important centre, and the seat of government, with a garrison of four to five hundred Cossacks. When we were there the village had one hundred and fifty inhabitants, and fewer in winter. Tigel, some distance north, was no better, but to both these places fur came in and we had competitors.

In the 1921 venture we had to go to Nome to replenish our supplies, having had to freight them up from Vancouver and Seattle. We were learning more and more the requirements of the natives and the best way to trade with them. From Nome it is only two hundred and fifty miles to Anadyr, a matter of two days for the *Casco* in fine weather. East Cape was the farthest north we made in 1921. Here we found a trader named Charlie Carpendale, who came originally from Australia. He was quite a character. One of his little girls had been taken away by the explorer Amundsen to be educated. Later she returned to the frozen north.

From East Cape we called at several places before Anadyr, with a view to establishing posts the following year. Anadyr boasted a wireless station, the most northerly one at that time. There is one at Petropavlosk and another at Naiakapan at the north end of the Okhotz Sea. The one at Okhotz was destroyed by Bolsheviki. We found the Russian people at Petropavlosk most hospitable and very polite. They kept aloof from politics. The government offices were decorated on our first visit with portraits of Lenin and Trotzky. Later, these gave way to pictures of the late Czar and Czarina. Shortly afterwards Lenin and Trotzky again adorned the walls.

Having wound up the business for 1921, the expedition left Petropavlosk the end of September for Hakodate, arriving in Japanese waters about Oct. 5. The *Casco* was despatched for Vancouver, and I remained in Japan with the two managers, who later returned to London via Suez. The chief reason for my stay was to make arrangements for the following season. When this was done, I returned to Vancouver to rejoin the 1922 venture.

This year the Company extended its operations. The steamer *Baychimo* was made ready and also a chartered Japanese steamer, the *Koyo Maru*. We also had a power-schooner, *Ruby*, chartered to take freight to Anadyr. A number of high-power launches were being built, and a number of koomgasses, or sampans, had been acquired in Japan. Sufficient coal had to be accumulated in Petropavlosk for use of the steamers.

The *Baychimo* arrived in Vancouver April 29, 1922. She finished loading, and proceeded to sea on May 11, going north by Seymour Narrows, piloted by myself, and arriving at Petropavlosk May 28. Here we found a new set of officials, new government, and a fresh lot of taxes and bribes to pay. The White Guard, a part of Semenoff's army, were in power. Our friends of the previous year had departed, and were besieged in a block-house sixty or seventy miles up country. The Japanese steamer *Koyo Maru* arrived on June 4. It was arranged by Mr. Hoogendyk, who was now in charge, that I should take the Jap steamer and exploit the Okhotz sea, while he would go in the *Baychimo* doing the east side of Kamchatka and as far north as they could reach—if possible to North Cape. If I returned first to Petropavlosk, I was to wait there after despatching the Japanese steamer back to Hakodate.

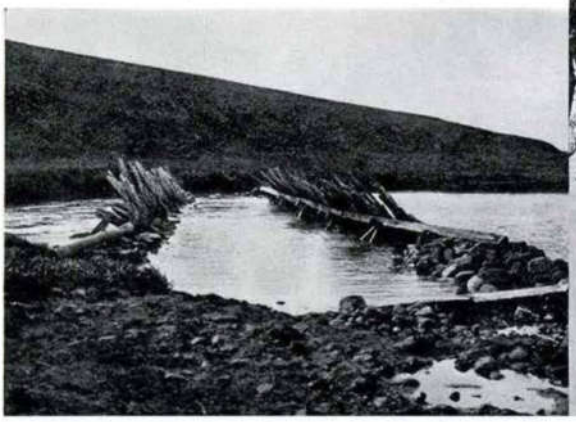
We left Petropavlosk on June 9 to call at Bolsheresk and then make for Port Ayan. We arrived at Bolsheresk June 11, only to find that the Hudson's Bay Company warehouses had been removed some five miles to the northward. We landed a few supplies and a koomgas (sampan), then proceeded for Port Ayan. This was against my judgment, as the ice always clears to the northward first in the Okhotz sea, and packs down the coast to Port Ayan. Soon we found the ice impenetrable, and we had to turn north and try for Okhotz. This year the ice conditions were abnormal, and we had a hard time to get anywhere. The *Koyo Maru* was a very old steamer, and in poor condition. Someone had put one over the Company. Now we had to make the best of it, and it was not too good, as we were trading from the ship. We finally arrived at Ola, which is north of Okhotz, on June 26, fifteen days from Bolsheresk, a distance of a little over four hundred miles. Here we were told we were the first ship to arrive. Such ice conditions had never been known before.

A rather amusing incident occurred here. As we approached we saw a white flag flying for the White Guard. When they made us out, down it came. We were flying the Hudson's Bay Company flag, and they took us for the Bolsheviki. Afterwards they hoisted their flag again; so, evidently, they felt none too secure. From Ola we worked our way through ice fields, and at last managed to get to Okhotz. More taxes had to be paid. However, we established a post and did some trading. As the season was advancing, we left for Port Ayan, finding the ice conditions much better. During all this time we were having trouble with the Jap crew and the coolies engaged in Hakodate. Most of them were the refuse of Jap gaols, and would stop at nothing. We all went armed. There were eight of us, including two Russians, to about fifty Japs, crew and coolies. We arrived at Port Ayan July 11 and anchored in the bay. Three steamers belonging to our competitors were here, and things were lively. Everything had to be landed in koomgasses on the beach and we had a lot of supplies for the post we were establishing. Soon the Company's flag was flying over the log trading post.

A trail enters Ayan from Yakutsk, and by this path for centuries pack-trains and ponies have brought down furs to trade for supplies. There are only a few inhabitants at this settlement, but at Okhotz, some two hundred and forty miles east-nor'east of Ayan is a community numbering several hundred, mostly Tunguses (natives). During the summer of 1922 about twenty-five American miners went into the country from here and took up claims a few miles up the river. Owing, however, to the Bolsheviki they had had to pull out. There were indications of gold all along the coast, and nearly all the natives, both men and women, carried their little pokes of gold dust. The principal fur trade at this point is squirrel, and in years gone by it

Life in Kamchatka

Eskimos at their summer igloo in Kamchatka. The igloos are made of rough wooden poles, and covered with reindeer skins.



A fish trap used by the natives to catch winter food supplies.

A calash, very like a Canadian cariole, is pulled by dogs in double harness.

Reindeer are used for pack trains.

Russian traders taking their goods out on the "Casco."

The British Admiralty decided to replace the old cross with a new one made of British Columbia fir, and the plate was attached, and they requested the Hudson's Bay Company to take it out and have it replaced.

Dutch Harbour in Unalaska was visited on the homeward voyage to Vancouver.

was well over the three millions in pelts, and is still large.

The sea of Okhotz was first reached by the Cossacks in 1639, and since then has been open to hardy traders. By 1715 the post road from Moscow was a well beaten track, sharply defined by the bones of men and animals who had perished while trying to conquer its reaches. Away back in 1648 Deshnian had left the Kolyma River on the Arctic with his frail craft tied together with reindeer thongs. He was the first man to double

the north-east extremity of Asia and reach Andyr River. Later, Captain Cook in 1778 was off North Cape and, returning south was the third to double it, as Behring in 1728 had been the second. Behring with most of his crew perished at the Komandorski Islands in 1741. There are memorials to Cook's expedition in the church at Petropavlosk, and also one to La Pérouse the French explorer, across the harbour at Sacred Hill.

Leaving Port Ayan for the last time, we intended to call at Bolsheresk, but the weather was so wild that we proceeded on to Petropavlosk, where we arrived August 22. Weather was very dirty, with all indications of a typhoon, the barometer falling fast to 28.80 when the centre of the storm passed over us. There was no news of the *Baychimo*, and I was anxious about her, as the reports coming in from the coast were alarming. A Jap warship and four hundred men went down off Bolsheresk, and twelve schooners were driven ashore and wrecked, while the canneries lost nearly all of their launches and sampans. So I felt that I did well not to stay there, although the Russian sub-manager tried hard to persuade me. Later, news came through that the *Baychimo* had stranded at Olutica, some distance up the eastern coast of Kamchatka, and had to jettison cargo to the value of $50,000.00 before she got off. By August 30 I managed to get the *Koyo Maru* away to be delivered back to her owners in seven days. The following day we received news from the *Baychimo* that she was proceeding south to Petropavlosk.

During this time I made a trip up the Avacha River in one of our launches. This river winds in and out and is very lovely, rather like the Thames at Sonning. The deepest water was always found on the concave side. There were wild hay meadows with birch trees and willows.

On the arrival of the *Baychimo* it was decided by the manager she should proceed to Bolsheresk. However, after trying for five days to get through Lopatka Pass at the southern extremity of Kamchatka, and after doing considerable damage to the launches and koomgasses on deck, the captain turned back. The weather was too bad and the season too far advanced. On October 5 we proceeded direct for Vancouver in the *Baychimo*, arriving on October 23.

In 1923, the venture was carried out by the *Baychimo* and the chartered American power schooner *Ruby*. We did practically all we set out to do, but conditions were getting worse all the time. The Soviet had ousted the White Guard, and the taxes were heavier, and many more obstacles were raised. The Bolsheviki compelled us by force to take the *Ruby* to Gizika and Naiakapan at the far north of the Okhotz Sea and there pick up their partizan army and wounded soldiers. Also to transport back some prisoners and the loot of the raid. This last consisted of the debris of Boscaroff's army and all the fur the latter had collected during the previous winter.

Boscaroff was quite a young man, only twenty-eight, and had been made governor of Gizika from May 1922 by the White Guard. He had formerly been an officer in the Russian volunteer fleet. He was killed by the Bolsheviks at Naiakapan on April 10 while fighting to defend his post. His body was stripped and thrown into the sea after the head had been cut off. Later the body was washed ashore and again thrown into the sea. Once again it was returned to land. Then they fed it to the dogs. This was their way of showing hatred for an opponent who had faced them bravely. We had his private letters and some photos of himself that he had left for his wife on board the *Ruby*. Also in a sack stowed down below among the fur was his head, which the soldiers were keeping as evidence that they had destroyed him. While at Gizika I met his wife and her little girl. Madame Boscaroff was a tall, handsome woman, who bore up with wonderful courage under her troubles. I did not tell her we had her dead husband's head in a sack on board the *Ruby* on its way to Petropavlosk.

After leaving Gizika, we called at all the ports on the west side of Kamchatka that had been visited going north. We were always crowded, for if we dropped off any passengers, there was a fresh lot to take their places. They slept anywhere, on deck, under and on top of the cabin tables, and in the boats. Numberless dogs accompanied them and bunked in any open space. It was a relief when we got to Petropavlosk and got rid of them and their loot.

Later in the year, returning from our second trip from the Okhotz, while passing through Lopatka Pass, we noticed the volcanoes on the Kuril Islands erupting, and while in Petropavlosk we felt the tremors of an earthquake which was coincident with the great tragedy in Tokio and Yokohama.

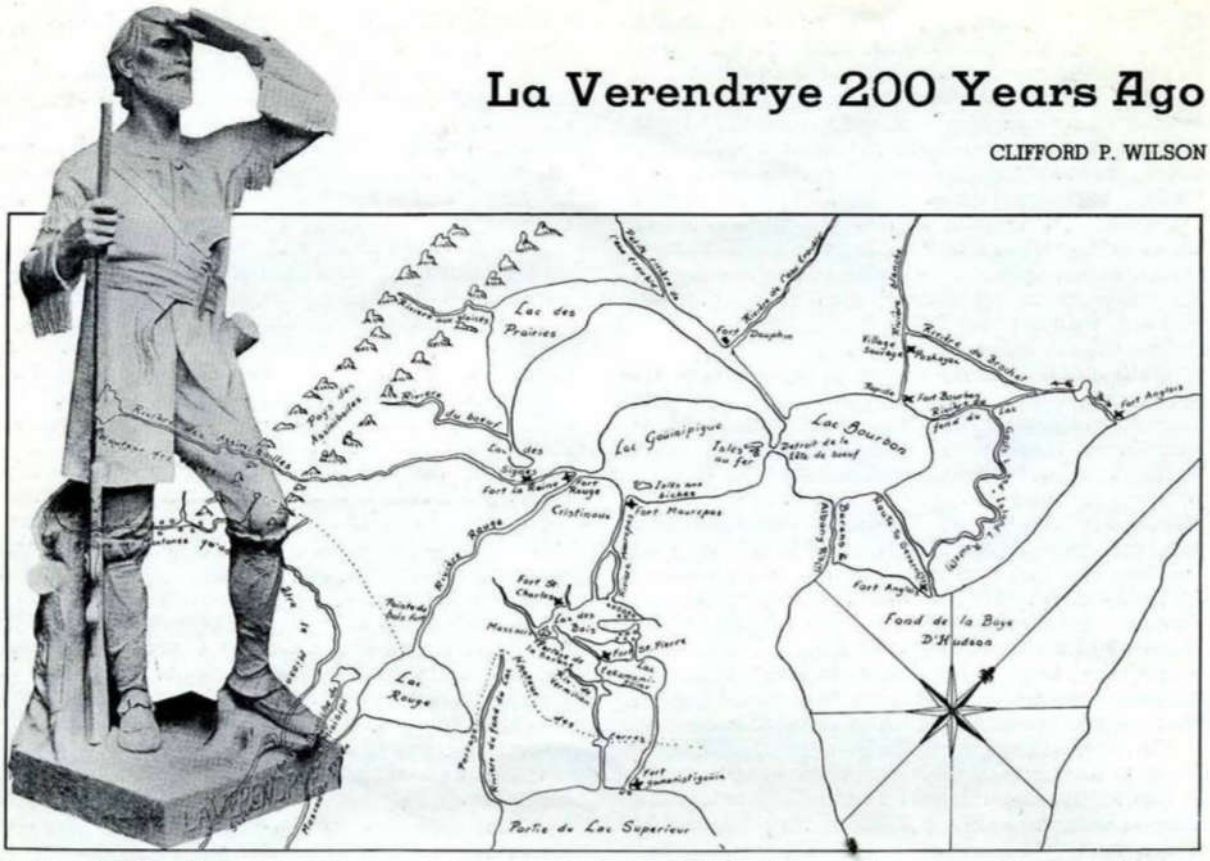
We were about to leave for Vancouver when the Japanese steamer *Kobe Maru* was wrecked on Saghalien as a result of the earthquake, so the *Ruby* was diverted to Oust Kamchatka with some freight that should have gone by the wrecked steamer. On proceeding into the gulf of Kamchatka, Mount Kluchi was erupting, a grand sight at night but not very comforting to the people thereabout. While there we had a very hard blow from the north-east with a low barometer. We had to go across the gulf for shelter to an anchorage that H.M.S. *Algerine* had used in former years. Here we held on for two days with a lot of passengers, women and children, that we had been unable to land. We lost two large koomgasses (sampans) with freight, one including the school outfit for the place. We watched the sampans drift away in the storm out into the Bering Sea, helpless to even attempt to recover them. We had all we could do to keep ourselves from following their example. As it was we were dragging slowly seaward. As the storm increased we double-reefed the foresail, for we knew that if ever we dragged off the bank, away we would go and we had fuel only for a couple of days. It was fortunate for us we had as passengers ten of the miners who had gone prospecting for gold around Okhotz in 1922. Most of these were sailors, husky men of brawn, and willing helpers during this storm. Provisions were also low and we had on board in addition to the passengers a number of shore officials of the Company.

However, after two days the storm blew out, and the sea moderated. We were then able to return to the mouth of the river and land our passengers and freight. The captain of the *Ruby* had got himself into a rather nasty mix-up with the authorities ashore, and was denied his clearance, and would have been arrested only he lifted anchor and made sail in a desperate hurry with an armed launch in pursuit. Soon we out-distanced our pursuer. On arrival at Dutch Harbour he managed to get a *pro tem.* clearance for Seattle, where we arrived late in October.

The following year, 1924, the Company sent the *Baychimo* in again, but such were the conditions in Kamchatka that it was not thought advisable to risk the ship, and she remained in Japanese waters. So ended the Kamchatka venture.

La Verendrye 200 Years Ago

CLIFFORD P. WILSON



La Verendrye, from the statue by Hebert on the front of the Parliament Buildings of Quebec. By courtesy of the Quebec Museum. Map prepared between 1743-9 from Memoirs of La Verendrye, illustrating his family's explorations.

MUCH has been written of the wars by which the French tried to blast the Company from the Bay. The efforts of peaceful French traders to accomplish the same purpose and divert furs towards the St. Lawrence have received less historical attention. These began in the 1680's with the building of three forts to block the fur trade from the Bay: one near James Bay, another north of Lake Nipigon, and a third on the route from Lake Winnipeg to Fort York. Duluth, dashing leader of the *coureurs de bois*, established a post at the present Fort William in 1678. A little later the Company of the North was formed and magnificently chartered by Louis XIV. They persuaded the French governor to commence armed hostilities which were not concluded until the Treaty of Utrecht. Force having failed, the French turned again to peaceable trade war.

Nothing really worthwhile was accomplished until the La Vérendrye family took a hand.

Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Vérendrye, was the son of a governor of Three Rivers. He had early disastrous experience of English opposition when, as a young man of twenty-three, he was left for dead on the field of Malplaquet. After returning to Canada, he married, settled down near Three Rivers, and began to trade. In 1728 he was appointed to command the trading posts of Lake Nipigon. There he met some Cree Indians who spun wonderful yarns about the country to the west. Ever since Cartier's day, the French had been seeking a westward waterway to the east, and it seemed to La Vérendrye the dream had materialized. The Cree told him that from the Lake of the Woods where they lived there issued a great river called the River of the West. It passed through the length of Lake Winnipeg, and then, turning west, flowed in ever broadening volume toward the setting sun. Some five hundred miles from the lake, there stood a mountain of glittering stones. And a little way beyond that the water of the river rose and fell with the tide.

To La Vérendrye, it was the answer to an explorer's prayer: not only a broad, navigable waterway to the Pacific, but a mountain of precious stones to pay expenses. He questioned other Indians. They told virtually the same story. What they had done, judging from the map they drew him, was to describe the journey as far as the mouth of the Saskatchewan. After that, fancy had run away with them. A river flowing east was not what the white man was looking for, so obligingly they turned the Saskatchewan end for end and provided it with the necessary tide.

Their report fired La Vérendrye with ambition to finish the long search for the western sea. Appeal to the King through Governor Beauharnois met with only partial success. What he wanted was money and men to prosecute the search to a triumphant end. All he got was permission to try, and, to pay the expenses of exploration, a monopoly of the fur trade in those western regions. Remembering what had happened to the valiant efforts of Champlain and La Salle, when

placed under the same obligation, La Vérendrye might easily have given up then and there in disgust. Nevertheless, when in 1731 he moved west from Montreal with his first year's supplies, he was full of hope.

With him went his three eldest sons [the youngest did not come out until four years later] and his nephew La Jemeraye. His first post was built that winter on Rainy Lake, and another the following year on Lake of the Woods. In 1734, he founded the first of many forts on Red River, Fort Maurepas, about twelve miles from its mouth. To all these flocked the Indians of the neighbouring regions who had hitherto taken their furs to the Bay.

The reason was simply expressed by Beauharnois: "If the savages find the French on their passage, they will not go in search of the English." The English were hardly perturbed by competition. When the easy-going trader in charge of one of the forts was told by a Cree chief that the French were in the country, he laconically observed that there was room for all, since the French wanted the fat beaver while the English wanted the dry. "If you are going to see the French leader," he told the Indian, "tell him from me not to talk against the English, as I am not talking against the French."

The French thought differently. La Vérendrye began by presenting a collar to the Indians, after their custom, as a symbol to bar the way to the English. And he told them if they went to the Bay they would get no credit in the fall.

For the first few years, La Vérendrye's affairs moved briskly. Then came a hitch in the long line of communication with Montreal. In 1735, the upbound canoes carrying the year's outfit were forced to winter at Kaministiquia, and the forts were left almost destitute of trade goods. The Indians turned back to the English. Then the news came from Red River that his second-in-command, La Jemeraye, had died. Desperate at the reversal of his fortunes, La Vérendrye sent off his eldest son, with a priest and twenty-two *engagés*, to speed the delivery of the missing goods. Only a few miles from the fort, they were set upon by a party of Sioux and massacred to a man. At this, the Cree were for going to war against the murderers, and it was all La Vérendrye could do to prevent them. To make matters worse, news came that a large cache of furs had been stolen by Indians and taken to Hudson Bay.

Such a chain of disasters barred the way for a time to further discovery. But in 1738, La Vérendrye pushed on up the Winnipeg River, across to the mouth of the Red, and up that river to Fort Maurepas. It was his second visit to that post, as he had been there, going by way of the Roseau River, the previous winter. At that time an Assiniboine chief had asked him to build a fort at the junction of the Assiniboine and the Red, where Winnipeg now stands. If he would do so, the chief said, his people would form a permanent village close by. He added that it was easy to find a living there, since the buffalo were attracted by a saline spring.

This offer led La Vérendrye to plan the removal of Fort Maurepas to the mouth of the Assiniboine. But instead of building there on his 1738 journey, he pushed on up that winding, shallow river as far as the present site of Portage la Prairie, to build his fourth fort, La Reine. Three things guided him. The shallowness of the water, the convenience to the Mandan villages on the Missouri, which he planned to visit, and the fact that he could intercept all the Assiniboine who crossed the portage to Lake Manitoba on their way to Hudson Bay. The route of these Indians lay up Lake Manitoba and thence by way of the Dauphin River into Lake Winnipeg. And it was this route that the Chevalier de la Vérendrye—one of the two youngest—appears to have followed next year, when he set out to explore the north end of "Lake Bourbon."

By that time the legend about the Saskatchewan flowing west had been exploded. The Frenchmen knew, however, that large parties of Cree crossed over from the mouth of the Saskatchewan to the mouth of the Nelson without ever going near the French forts. The next step, then, was to choose a fort site at the north end of Lake Winnipeg, that would not only intercept these Indians, but also take the French a few hundred miles nearer the Western Sea.

On the way there, the Chevalier chose a site for a fort to supply the Prairie Cree and Canoe Assiniboine. This post, named Dauphin, was not actually built until 1741. It appears to have been erected near the mouth of the Waterhen River, at the north end of Lake Manitoba. The site of the next fort, Bourbon, seems to have been chosen at the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan, where a Hudson's Bay post was later erected. From there, the Chevalier pushed on up the great river until he came to "the fork, which is the rendezvous, every spring, of the Cree of the Mountains, Prairies, and Rivers, to deliberate as to what they shall do—go to the French or the English."

This description at once calls to mind Henry Kelsey's reference to the neck of land of which he wrote. "I was at Deering's Point in the spring, which is the place of resortance when they are coming down to trade." And in fact it is probable that the two places referred to were one and the same—the forks of the Saskatchewan and Summerberry, not far above Cedar Lake.

From the much-travelled Cree, the Chevalier learned that the Saskatchewan took its rise very far away, "from a height of land where there were very lofty mountains, and that they knew of a great lake on the other side of the mountains, the water of which was undrinkable." To learn after all these years that their goal lay beyond so great a barrier was a staggering blow. But with true courage, the dauntless La Vérendryes were soon planning to build another fort at the foot of those mountains, and from there make the crossing to the Pacific.

It was a dream they never realized. Though by another route—through the present United States—they came in sight of great mountains to the west, they never set foot upon them. Back in the east, their creditors were becoming clamorous. Deeper and deeper they stumbled into debt, and at last, when the father died in 1749, their hopes crumbled.

Legardeur de St. Pierre was put in charge of the western posts, and it was his men who thrust westwards up the Saskatchewan to build Fort La Jonquière at the foot of the Rockies. Competition with the Hudson's Bay Company was kept up until the Conquest. And afterwards, English, Scots, and Americans, led by French-Canadians, swarmed along the trail that La Vérendrye and his predecessors had blazed from Montreal, and established their own empire in the heart of Rupert's Land.

It was one of these Montreal fur traders, too, who with his Canadian voyageurs crossed the last barrier, and by winning through to the Pacific, realised the golden dream of all westward explorers from Cartier to La Vérendrye.

The line, described by an old Indian, "Like a door opened."

A cache is arranged for in the spring, placed in summer, and used by surveyors in winter.

Pioneer Surveys

By GUY H. BLANCHET

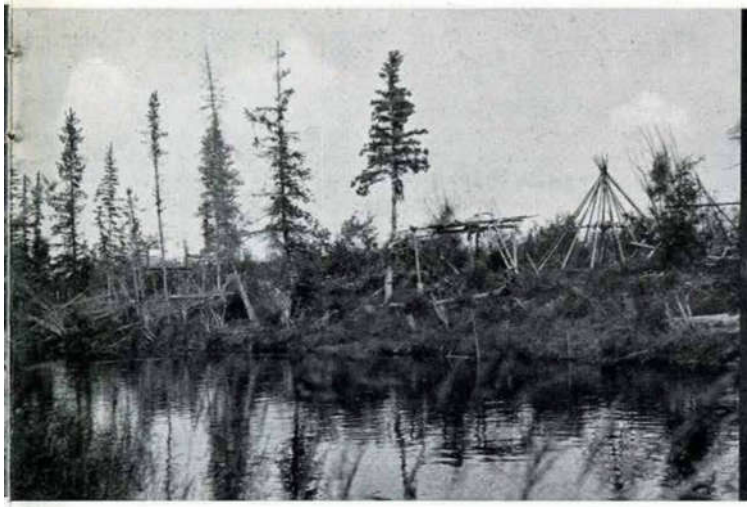
THE pioneering of northern Canada was the work of many men. A few names stand out for particular expeditions, or by reason of their published records, but the greater part of the work was done by men whose names are lost in the services to which they were attached. First among these were the fur traders, and, later, the surveyors who prepared the wilderness for settlement.

Before the arrival of the trader-explorers the country back of the eastern seaboard stretched vaguely to unknown seas. Their explorations, searching for untapped fur country and trade transportation routes, helped to fix the limits of the country at its bordering seas and tracked the courses of the great waterways. As time went on, exploration was carried from the highway through tributary waters, the rough framework of the map was filled in with detail, and knowledge of the country was extended to the most remote districts.

A new stage of pioneering came when settlers reached the western prairies. The movement developed rapidly, in the final quarter of the last century a tide of settlement swept across the prairies until it met the barrier of the Rockies. Pressure from behind deflected it northward into the woodlands. During the early years of the present century, the northerly movement slowly spent itself; the pressure behind eased; and the advance was checked by the heavy work of clearing land and making roads.

Settlement called for surveys, and a colossal survey structure was built up. Subdivision of farm units was fitted to a framework made up of north and south lines, meridians roughly one hundred and fifty miles apart, and east and west base lines every twenty-four miles. In the course of the rapid development, transport changed from Red River carts to railways but, when the work reached the woodlands, there was a return to primitive methods by pack horse, dogs, and canoes. Surveys progressed more slowly there, and for a time settlers were so close to the surveyors' heels that often trees cut for the lines were used in building cabins. By 1912 the surveyors had the situation well in hand, subdivision had been carried well beyond existing demands for land, and before the end of the war the systematic extension of the survey system gave place to isolated surveys to meet actual requirements. Meanwhile the meridians and base lines had been carried into the heart of the northern wilderness.

Surveyors running these long lines through unmapped country, almost totally lacking in highways other than the great rivers, met serious problems of supply and transport. Fortunately for them, these problems had already been met and solved by those engaged in the fur trade in supplying their own outposts. Fur traders had trained the natives of the country in this work, taking advantage of their skill as rivermen and packers, and developing in them some responsibility beyond the requirements of the next meal. The sur-



Remains of an Indian encampment along the survey line.

A bridge across a stream too deep to ford but narrow enough for bordering trees to span.

veyors turned to the trader in his difficulties, and passed the problems of supply and transport on to him.

The long arm of the Company reached out from headquarters and started activities at remote outposts. Trains of dog teams, fleets of canoes, horses, and even "human pack animals" were organized to bring supplies to selected points where they were cached. Months later, when the progress of the line had advanced it to the locality and supplies were short the new outfit at the cache enabled the party to continue. The surveyor had to depend absolutely on finding supplies placed as arranged; failure would have created a critical situation, but the men at the outpost understood the situation, and failures did not occur. There might be matters of miles, or of the identity of a particular Jackfish or Rat Lake, but essential requirements were fulfilled.

It was this understanding that made the relationship between surveyors and traders so satisfactory, and it played an important part in the success of many difficult expeditions. The generation of traders who linked the old days when fur was king in the north to the more varied interests of today have nearly all passed into retirement or made the long journey, but many were still in the service then, and their wide knowledge of the country and good influence over the natives was of great assistance. They preserved the old traditions. The trading post was the "fort," no matter how open its defences, and their attitude towards the Indians was paternal as well as "The Okimow."

This influence was particularly useful when Indian labour was required for the survey. The natives were not fond of work, especially during the summer, and a direct appeal might bring little response. Why should they work if their winter's catch had established a credit at the fort and when the woods and streams provided food? The trader knew his people, and had his own methods of persuasion. When using Indian labour it was often necessary to have three crews, one coming, one at work, and another returning home. Changes in personnel were scarcely noticeable as Joe and William gave place to St. Pierre and Celestin. The new men brought a child-like interest to the work. They loved to hear trees crashing down and to take part in the life of the survey while the novelty lasted. There were drawbacks. Bitter complaints came from the cook about feeding "starving packs of wolves" and, just when the filling up process was finished, they decided to go home. Their inroads on supplies were offset by their skill in hunting by which "the King's steers" supplied the meat pot.

Transport along the line varied with the district and the season. In the lake country of northern Manitoba it was handled by canoe, man-packing, and dogs, while on the higher plateau to the west, pack horses were used. Each method had its problems, and successful operations depended first on transportation. Camp and supplies had to be moved or the line stopped, and too slow movement upset calculations of food supply. With man-packers, caches had to be placed at frequent intervals. The necessity of dog food almost destroyed the canine usefulness, and when horses were used, heavy work was involved opening up trails and finding hay for them.

The line was extended regardless of obstacles but, on account of the temporary use made of it, the trail took the line of least resistance without diverging too far from the work, or adding too much distance. Camp was moved about five miles at a time, and trail location called for a high order of woodcraft and knowledge of the country.

The meanders of the trail had to reach an approximate balance to place the new camp some distance ahead of the end of the line but not far off it. Nothing exasperated the line crew more than to have a long walk and difficult search for camp after a hard day's work.

Much of the plateau country of northern Alberta and Saskatchewan is comparatively level, and drainage from it is sluggish. This had caused the formation of the muskegs that mark the country. For the most part these are merely wet, moss-covered areas, lightly timbered with black spruce. The streams and lakes of the steeper slopes are represented by tamarack swamps which are practically ooze-filled waterways. Mossy country could be crossed easily enough since it holds frost most of the summer, but the tamarack swamps were dangerous for horses and had to be heavily corduroyed. Moose trails supplied useful information. When these crossed the line of travel it meant trouble ahead

A few stones are all that remains of Fort Wedderburne.

Once the meeting place of fur traders on Lake Athabaska, this building is now a stable.

Many old and valued documents and journals were stored on the second floor until a few years ago.

which the moose were avoiding. When bad crossings had to be made, these trails often disclosed the best course to follow. Rivers had to be rafted, smaller streams bridged. After the trail was located and opened up, food had to be found for the horses in the vicinity of the new camp. The search for hay called for knowledge of the habits of animals and close observation of drainage rather than qualities possessed by a farmer. In much of the north country the only hay to be found is at old beaver dams, so the search became a beaver hunt.

The dry land of the muskeg country usually occurs as sandy jack pine ridges. These often have considerable natural beauty, carpeted with white caribou moss. With scattered trees and no underbrush they offered a pleasant respite from hard travel through yielding moss and difficult work on trail.

The life of the survey brought constant change of scene and experience through the changing seasons. Each morning camp was almost deserted while the men scattered to their duties—the line and the trail, transit, level and chain. About twice a week camp was moved. There was a picturesqueness to moving day reminiscent of a circus or gypsy wanderings. The packers were off in the early dawn after their horses, and presently the musical clamour of a dozen bells of different tones announced their approach. Soon horses were tethered to a roped square, packs and saddles piled in the centre. Before the line crew left for work, tents were struck and baggage made up into convenient packs.

Packing the miscellaneous outfit of a survey party on thirty odd horses was not a simple task. Loads had to be distributed, taking into account individual characteristics, the strong and the weak, the steady and the unruly, and packs had to be balanced and made secure. At last when all were loaded, the "stove horse" was led in advance, followed by the natural leader, the horse that had won this position and fought for it against all comers. The others fell in in order determined by friendships and enmities, ambition and the lack of it. Last of all came the outcast, one not tolerated by the others. Start where he might, it was not long before he reached the rear and had to take the brunt of the driving by club and otherwise.

With the notes of a few unstopped bells and frequent cries of "hike on there," the pack train followed the winding trail through the woodlands, across an occasional glade or brule patch, or struggled through swampy stretches. The day's journey might be easy or hard, but ultimately a spot in the wilderness marked camp was reached. The order of the morning was reversed, loads came off, tents were pitched and the horses departed to their new pasture, again with the jingle of bells. Soon smoke curled from the cook's stove-pipe, announcing more than anything else that this was home again. Perhaps, far in the distance, the dull thud of falling trees showed the end of the line, and led to speculation as to how close it would pass to camp. Later, out of the woods came a line of fifteen or twenty men, single file. Like a colony of ants, they attacked the dunnage pile, searching for belongings. These were placed in their respective tents, and soon the camp of today was almost indistinguishable from that of yesterday. The banging of a dish-pan called the men to the same meal of pork and beans, and the gathering darkness brought the end of another day.

A pleasant break in the course of the survey was the arrival at a trading post if one should be in the vicinity of the line. To the party emerging from the rawness of a wilderness of muskeg and forest, the settlement had the charm of open grassy spaces and whitewashed log buildings, disposed in a friendly, straggling order along the bank of a lake or river. There was an air of repose about it. Unlike the survey party, these people were not constantly driven towards a steadily retreating horizon. True, they had their seasons of stress and times of travel, but in between they relaxed into a life of ease and idleness. Smoke curled lazily from the weathered teepee vents; dogs in their mangy summer coats slept in the sun; the trader worked in his garden. The meeting there might be with old friends or perhaps it brought a culmination to long-distance correspondence and the personal contact made subsequent transactions simpler. There were many matters of mutual interest to discuss, of the country and of people, and the exchange of very old news, and the thoughts that men have when cut off from daily bulletins of life and events.

At times the lines passed through country where the party was completely isolated. In 1914 I was crossing such country in the Birch Mountains. Our first news of the war came from a wandering Indian. His report from the Western Front was the acme of brevity and lack of information.

It ran, "White men fight."

He knew no more than that, and we knew of nothing by which we could expand it. A month later, at a cache we found a note from the post manager. In it he told us who were fighting, and gave a garbled account of the early events. Late in the autumn on the outward trail we passed a note on a blazed tree. This informed us that the war was almost over but failed to say who was winning.

The history of the north country is brief in terms of white man's occupation, and few records remain to mark the events of the past: some narratives, scattered entries in diaries and daybooks, and, on the ground, scanty remains of former establishments. Old fort points are scattered about the lakes and rivers of the country. Some record a very temporary occupation; others mark important sites. The names are often merely local ones that will be lost with the passing of the older people, and the remains of the establishments are little more than jumbled piles of chimney stones, overgrown by the forest and sometimes destroyed by erosion of lake or river.

Surveyors sometimes had opportunities to fix the positions of these ruins and preserve a record of them that would permit of their relocation when the local traditions are lost, and perhaps when their historical significance is more appreciated. I could find only one old man who knew the exact site of Mackenzie's Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska. When we visited it he led the way at once to where he remembered seeing the remains of the old chimneys, but it was only after careful search that we found a few fire-blackened stones in two places, and one of these was at the crumbling edge of the bank. He told me fishermen had used the stones for sinkers for their nets in winter. Another old Indian brought me to the ruins of an old fort in the Ile à la Crosse country. Here we found evidence of an elaborate palisade enclosing eight buildings and a powder cellar.

Most of the establishments in the north have been surveyed. In the early days one built a house where fancy led, and cultivated a bit of land. Occupation gave all the claim that was necessary. The survey stressed the idea of possession, and in some cases led to unhappy results. The camping places of a wandering people were not only enclosed by fences, but, when situation or some local resources gave them value, transactions led to the creation of "boom towns." The result, at least in its early stages of transition, was sad. The picturesque settlement was lost in a mushroom growth. Wide roads lined with shacks and false-fronted stores replaced the footpaths and straggling log cabins. A new scale of values replaced the old. The fort was lost in the shabby background of the "native quarters," and the Indians who remained lost their native independence and degenerated into hangers-on in a life for which they were unfitted.

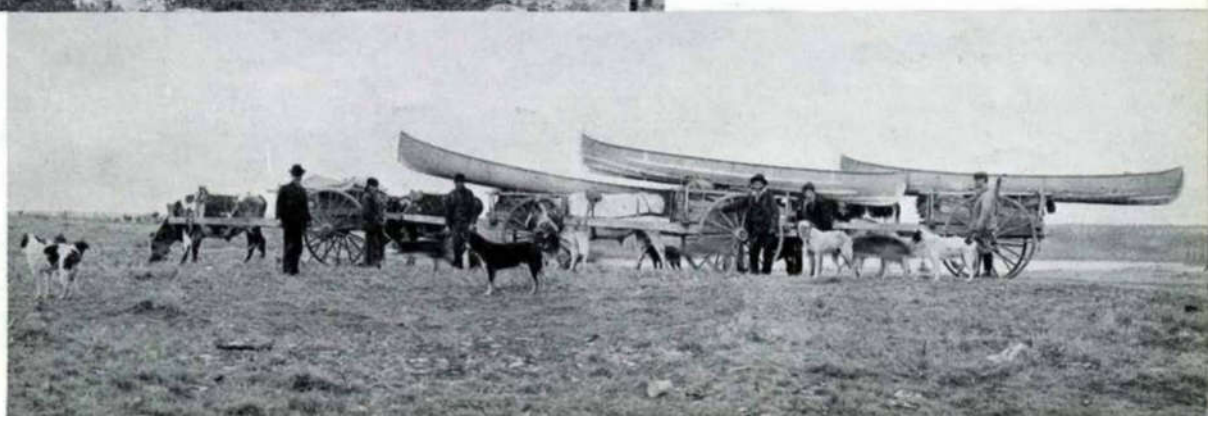
This was transition. If the pioneering was sound and values were there, development followed that converted an outpost in the wilderness into an organized community. But it was at the expense of what had existed and could never again be recaptured.

Slowly the line was extended across the country. Finally it reached its objective; the last tree crashed, and the last move along it was made. Then came the journey out, commencing by trails cut through the wood, past the outposts and on by ever improving roads until at some northern metropolis, The Pas, Athabaska Landing, Peace River, the railway was reached.

In time the cuttings through the forests will be lost as the forest closes in or fires sweep across the country. Little will remain to mark the fleeting life that gave momentary animation to its advance except the monuments every half-mile that tie the wilderness to the orderly surveys of civilization. More than this, perhaps never again in any part of the world will surveys of such magnitude be performed in this manner. Now, aeroplanes provide transport, ignoring the obstacles of the ground, and the aerial camera records the features of the country for mapping. But such pioneering lacks something essential that comes from the intimate association of man with the earth.

Surveys were carried far into the barren lands.

One of the last journeys of Red River carts across Fort Smith portage about 1900.



Two-Six

THE 269th voyage of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay was, to Company men, just the annual *Nascopie* sailing. To the rest of the world, however, it is an important event, always associated with excitement, glamour and adventure.

On July 9th, promptly on the dot of 10 o'clock, the *Nascopie* left Montreal on another trip to Hudson Bay and the Eastern Arctic. Before her return to Halifax on September 30th, she will have covered 11,000 miles, landed yearly supplies and mail to the isolated posts of the Company and the Mounted Police, and been within 900 miles of the North Pole at Thule, Greenland.

The cargo, as always, was the most unusual to leave Montreal in the season—baby carriages, dance records, Christmas presents, expensive candid cameras and so on. Besides Company men and the Government party,

The "Nascopie" pulls away from Pier 46, Montreal. Capt. T. F. Smellie on the bridge and J. W. Anderson, Manager of Ungava District, at his favoured post.

S. C. Knapp, a former Company apprentice, going north to do a series of sketches and paintings.
Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, chatting with visitors. Mr. Parsons left the "Nascopie" at Churchill.

Last minute farewells on deck.

Major D. L. McKeand, chatting with W. E. Swaffield, sr., Company pensioner.

Captain Smellie and Ch
ease." Captain Smellie
trip into H

ty-Nine

there was a full complement of tourists, predominated by women. Up to a few years ago women were not taken as tourists on the *Nascopie*, but this year out of Montreal they outnumbered the men tourists nine to two, and from Churchill, for the second half of the trip, again they had a majority of eight to three men. Four women went on board to be married, and are now making their homes in the north.

This year the *Nascopie* enjoyed the company of the Roman Catholic mission ship, the M.F. *Therese* down stream. The *Therese* carried supplies for church missions.

After a speedy voyage, the *Nascopie* arrived at Churchill on August 6th, two days ahead of schedule. With some new passengers and additional supplies, she sailed from the Hudson Bay port on August 9th, exactly one month after she had left Montreal. She returns to Halifax the end of September.

The "Nascopie" heads out into the river to meet the M.F. "Therese," and the two ships sail down the St. Lawrence together, both bound for Hudson Bay.

The "Nascopie" pulls away from the pier.

S. G. L. "Sparks" Horner, surrounded by his precious wireless equipment.

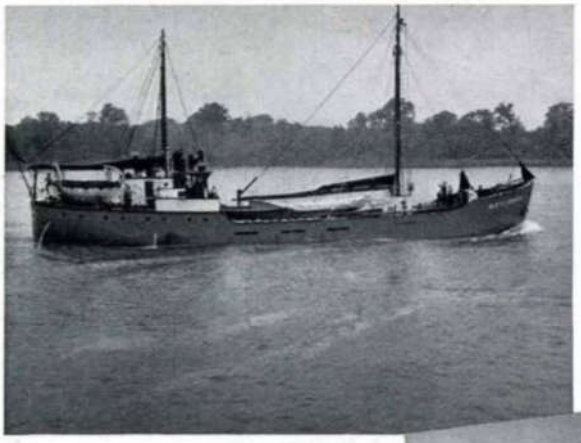
ief Engineer Thomas "at is making his sixteenth udson Bay.

Charles Landau and C. P. Marshall of Landau & Cormack, Ltd., Montreal.

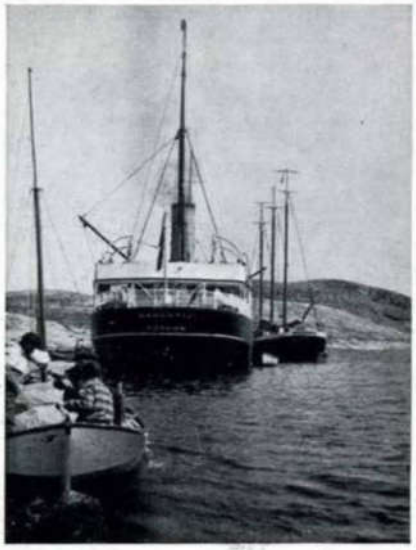
Bishop Fleming and Charles Camsell, welcome each other. Theo. Gaudet, Company pensioner, also looks pleased.

Sailing With the Nascopie

Pictures by J. W. Anderson



M. F. "Therese," northern Roman Catholic mission supply ship, going down the St. Lawrence with the "Nascopie."



The "Nascopie" trans-shipping supplies to the "Fort Garry" at Hebron.

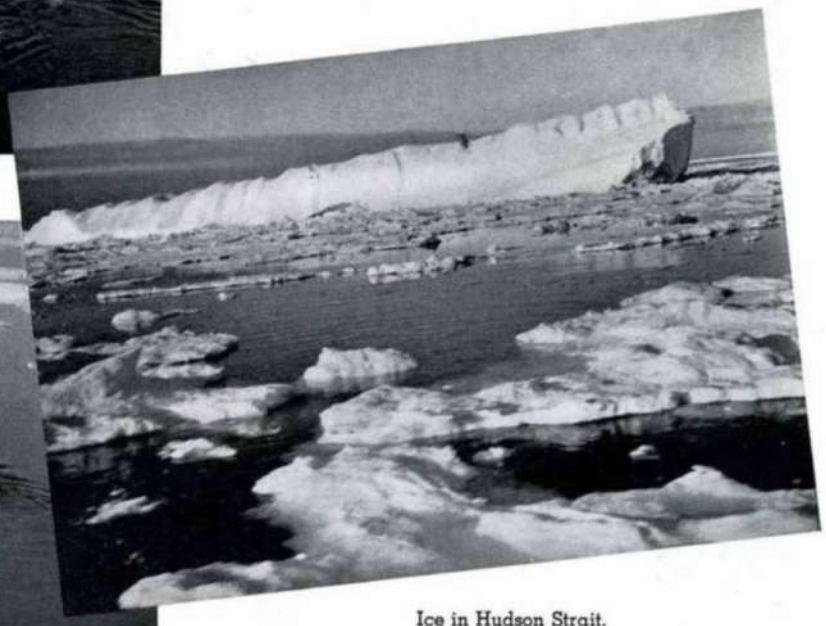
Supplies for Hebron.

Ship's Carpenter Clem James, erecting a wind mill to charge the batteries of the radio station at Hebron.

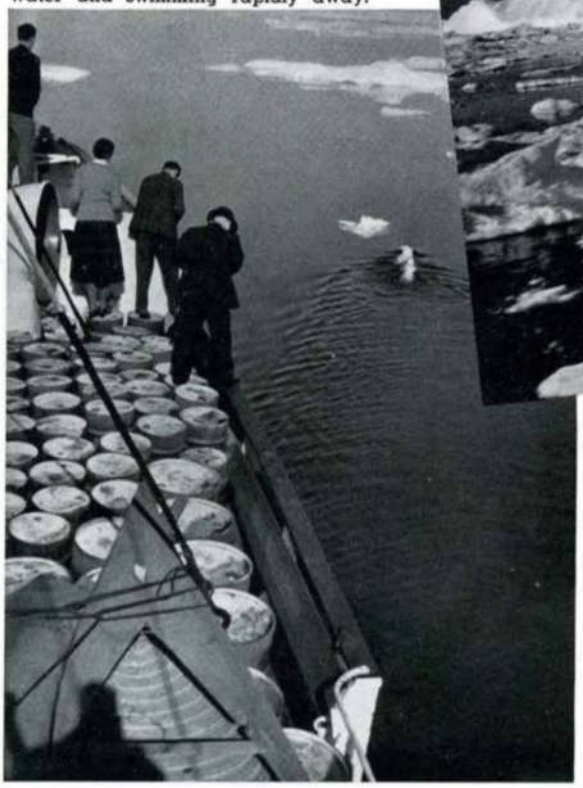
This walrus was killed by polar bears, but the bears were frightened away by the arrival of the "Nascopie" in Hudson Strait.

Arctic high noon wedding party at Port Burwell in Hudson Strait. Evelyn Cope, of Russell, Manitoba, with Captain Smellie, who gave her in marriage to Post Manager D. A. Wilderspin, of Fort Chimo. The wedding took place on the bridge deck of the ship, and Bishop Fleming conducted the service.

The polar bear family fled from its walrus meal, mother and cubs taking to the water and swimming rapidly away.



Ice in Hudson Strait.

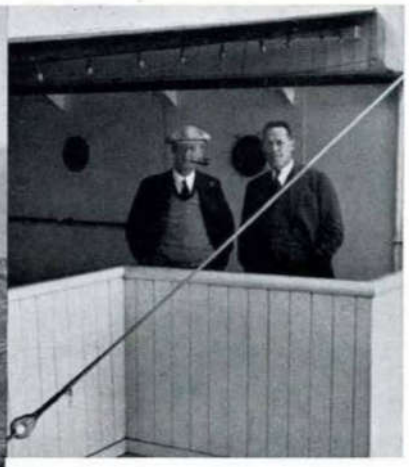


The obliging captain pursued the bears and every tourist reached for his camera.

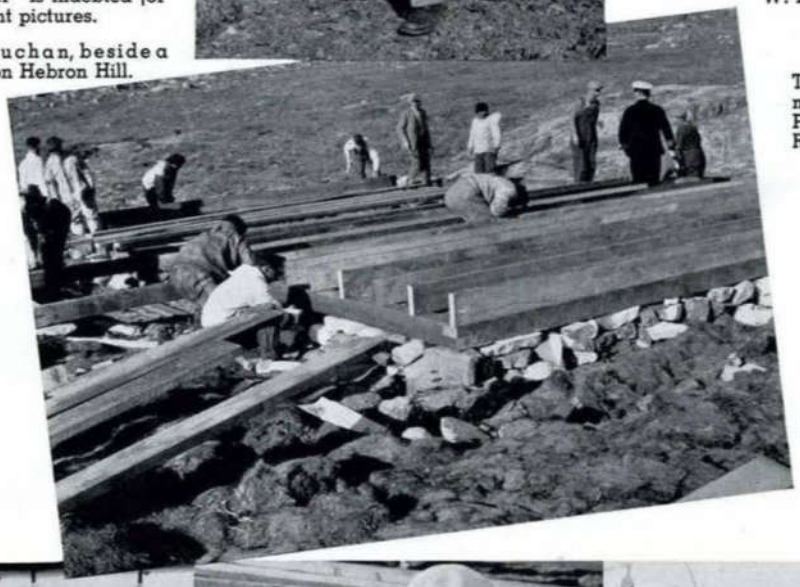
At Lake Harbour—Eskimo summer camp.

The photographer photographed—Ungava District Manager J. W. Anderson, to whom "The Beaver" is indebted for many excellent pictures.

Fur Trader John Buchan, beside a Labrador cairn on Hebron Hill.



Fur Trade Commissioner Ralph Parsons, left, and Nelson River District Manager W. E. Brown.



The building that almost went up in a day. Post Manager Chesley Russell's new home at Cape Dorset.

The Right Reverend Archibald L. Fleming, Anglican Bishop of the Arctic.

Captain Smellie turns to carpentry at Cape Dorset.

Unloading furs at Churchill for shipment by rail on their journey to the London Auctions.

FUR TRADERS' LETTERS

"The Hargrave Correspondence," 1821-1843. Edited with introduction and notes by G. P. de T. Glazebrook. Toronto, The Champlain Society. Reviewed by C.P. Wilson.

These are the off-the-files letters of Hudson's Bay men living and travelling anywhere from Mingan to Hawaii and from Red River to Fort McPherson. All except a few of the 176 letters are written to James Hargrave at York Factory. Together, they give a remarkable picture of the personal side of fur trade life after the Union.

The style of most of the letters is ponderous and formal, fitting to the dignity of Commissioned Gentlemen in the Honourable Company. It is a relief to turn from studied, stilted phraseology to the frank and easy style of the boy Dugald Mactavish (Hargrave's brother-in-law) writing home to his people in Scotland. Here is a bit from one of his early letters, penned in July 1837 from Moose River Long Portage:

"Were you but to see the place I am in at present, and the manner in which I am arranged, I think you would smile. You must first imagine a large barn, built of squared logs, weatherboarded on the outside and covered with shingles. The barn is two stories high; in the lower story the goods (which I have come to receive) are placed, all packed up in boxes and bales of 90 lbs. weight. In the upper story I have my tent pitched, and my travelling baggage, consisting of a wicker basket covered with a piece of oilcloth, in which I put my biscuit and whatever I may have cooked; a case which contains my tea, sugar, wine, brandy, salt, cups & Saucers &c; and a portmanteau in which I have stuffed a few books and a couple of shirts, to pass a month or forty days. So you may suppose I do not change every day; indeed, to tell the truth, I have only taken off my jacket and shoes since I left Michipicoton, as I turn in among my blankets, with all my other habiliments on, and in general I sleep very comfortably. Besides myself there are four of the labouring men in the garret, at present snoring away like lusty fellows (as it is now about 11 p.m.) and I am writing by candlelight, but at great risk, as there are some thirty kegs gunpowder down on the lower floor; but if I do not write now, I will not have time tomorrow, as I intend sending off the Moose people as soon as possible tomorrow morning, although our brigade will remain for a day or two, as one or two of the boats have received some injury in shooting the rapids."

Intimate pictures like this, sketched with a minimum of words, are unfortunately few and far between. For one officer to describe such an ordinary scene to another would have been absurd. So they content themselves with retailing recent events in the fur trade, giving their opinions of each other, asking Hargrave to do some personal favour for them, and discussing books and politics.

Each district has its own special problems. Mackenzie's River, for instance, was rich in furs but poor in victuals. Alexander Fisher thus describes a scene of horror when supplies gave out at Fort Good Hope in 1842:

"On the 17th Feby. the famine was so great that I was obliged to abandon my fort and seek food at Ft. Norman, tho' greatly reduced in strength by my long sufferings to save myself the 2 men who had families saying they would rather die with their families & that now they were too weak to perform it, so I set off with an Orkney man & performed it in 13 days, (it is generally done in 8 or 9 days) then I persuaded Mr. McBeath to send for 1 man and his family leaving the others to take care of the fort and after recruiting myself a little I returned to my charge at Ft. Good Hope and found that 52 Indians, men, women, and children had perished by famine and the surviving living on the dead carcases of their relations all within 200 yards of the fort during my absence, my man and his family living on moose skins, pack cords, bear skins, leather sled trappings, &c. These poor Indians seldom could get sleep, they both men & women kept axe in hand for self preservation & if any found knapping instantly was knocked on the head and as soon devoured by their nearest relatives."

By contrast, we read that in New Caledonia "Cattle are now getting numerous at all the posts except one (Connolly's Lake) so that we have milk and butter in abundance, that with plenty of vegetables make the salmon very palatable." No wonder there were preferred posts in the Service!

But death stalked the fur trails in other districts too. Hargrave is told of the murder of the post master and his family at Hannah Bay; the drowning of a boatload of voyageurs on the Columbia River, and of another party on the Liard; and of the murder of Samuel Black, followed by the pursuit and shooting of the murderer while swimming.

In that era when the Company's jurisdiction extended from coast to coast, the Metis were a troublesome element in the thinly scattered population, and J. D. Cameron at Fort Garry sounds strangely prophetic when he writes in 1835:

"In the beginning of last month we had some trouble with the half breeds. Arguments brought them to reason, but unfortunately they found out their own strength and gave us proofs that a troublesome character amongst them would find no difficulty in raising up a flame and upsetting the whole Settlement. Every day's occurrence points out the absolute necessity of having an Independent Court of Justice with all its rammifications established in Red River, and unless such is established by Government it will never be respected."

Far away on the Mackenzie they were also proving refractory. John Bell writes in 1837:

"At Fort Norman . . . the Hlf Breeds massacred a whole camp of inoffensive Indians for the sake of their women. It was a very bad piece of policy to have introduced so many of these profligate and infamous characters into McK. River, where they are with justice detested by the Natives and disliked by the Whites."

The events recounted are by no means all grim. Though the fur traders let little humour—as judged by modern standards—creep into even such personal let-

ters as they wrote to their friend Hargrave, they did occasionally relax. Richard Grant, especially, seems to have been quite a wag. J. L. Lewes's account of the havoc wrought by the trippers over the famous Methye Portage is amusing:

"The Portage La Loche Boys are a sett of rough & terrible fellows caring little for the contents of packages. All their aim is to get through the voyage as quick as possible their cry is *the D——l take the hindermost* helter, skelter, bing, bang, the pieces here and there on the portage, pieces containing the most brittle ware are as tenderly dashed on the rocks as two or three pieces of bar iron fasted together."

Methods of summer and winter travel are picturesquely described by both Dugald Mactavish and his brother William, writing to their family. William, like most Company men of that era, is very caustic about Captain Back's exploring efforts:

"You'll hear what a fine story they'll make out of this bungle, they will you may be sure take none of the blame themselves. . . They will return next summer (1835) and like all the other Expeditions will do little and speak a great deal. They have disgusted the Gents. in this country by certain advertisements and the returns they made them for their kindness Back said the people 'received me with a would-be politeness', but it shows his heartlessness to despise people who showed him every attention in their power merely for not adding to it all the capers and grimaces of a Frenchified fool."

Thomas Simpson, writing on the same explorer, from Fort Confidence in 1838: "Back I believe to be not only a vain, but a *bad* man; and his failure is retributive justice." And again, a year later; "I have strong hopes of making another decisive stroke this season, though we cannot expect to complete what Back *was* to have done in the Terror Bomb. . . . We have had a miserable winter so far, on account of the Indians, numbers of whom we rescued from starvation, while the humane Capt. Back left his, under similar circumstances, to perish at the very doors of Fort Reliance."

Criticism of Company men is more kindly, though some of them, such as old John Stuart, came in for plenty of it. Murdoch McPherson calls him "bombastic," while J. G. McTavish writes in 1833: "McKenzie River made a very bad exchange a Smith for a Stuart —regularity and system for confusion and nonsense. It must be disgusting to the young expectants in that quarter to see an old useless hunky good for nothing but wasting tobacco, sent in as their leader."

Governor Simpson seems to have been liked by everyone, and his wife too. John Stuart, in the year of the Governor's marriage, writes; "You know the Governor also how very obliging he is even when involved in business, but you can form no idea of what a fortunate man he is. . . . I need not tell you that the divinity whom he adores is fair, you have seen her, but I may state that I do not recollect ever to have met with so much perfection unmixed with any alloy."

In the matter of clothes there is unfortunately very little recorded. But Francis Heron, writing from Fort Nisqually on the Pacific in 1834, sends Hargarve an interesting list of dress goods for himself and family that he is expecting from England. They include: 1 Superfine blue cloth surtout, 1 ditto coat, 1 pair black cassimere trousers, 1 black silk vest, 20 yds. slate coloured Camlet, 10 yds. bottle green Petersham cloth, 8 yds. red Bath Coating, and *100 yds.* assorted ribbon. He notes: "The Camlet is for making a cloak of, and the Bath Coating is for lining it. . . . The Petersham Cloth is for making a frock coat, trousers & vest for myself, and a *fashionable* suit for each of my two boys, consisting of jacket (with two rows of ball buttons) trousers & vest. One of the boys is 17 years of age and the other twelve, so that the tailor must guess at their measure as near he can."

The Americans, whenever met with, were generally a thorn in the flesh of Hudson's Bay men. Francis Heron, writing from Fort Colvile, just below the 49th parallel, in 1833, says: "The Americans seem determined on making a bold push for the trade of this country. Upward of 400 men well equipped with all sorts of goods have forced their way across land from St. Louis, and passed the winter on this side of the Mountains, at Salmon River, with the intention of scattering over the country this summer."

Archibald McDonald writes from the same place, three years later: "The swarm of American adventurers and vagarants all over the country now, have deranged everything." In 1843, Cuthbert Cumming writes from Fort Pelly (Carlton House), "the Yankees are playing the very d—l amongst the Indians here."

Bluff John Rowand, of Edmonton, they seem to have bothered most. Several times he speaks of the trouble they cause among the Blackfeet, and in 1840:

"If you had been present at the Mountains House when a couple of Blood Indians got a fighting, one taking for our side and the other advocating in favour of the Americans, which ended by driving two shod arrows through one fellows body, with a few stabs with a 9-in. dag. one of the two received several stabs and after the affair, who got the blame, we white men of the British side, for not furnishing those wild men with property similar to the Americans."

The fur trade, of course, comes in for the lion's share of discussion. There are a few cheering remarks on increased returns, but too often a drop in trade is recorded, as civilization encroaches. As early as 1831, Donald McKenzie writes from Red River:

"Our returns in furs will be miserable. We shall be left hereafter, I much fear, to chew the ends of the packs that were, & another deluge may have time to happen ere Ft. Garry (collects?) 360 in any one year again." Siveright on the Ottawa bemoans the fact that "the Fur Trade in this part of the Montreal Dept. is falling sadly off . . . . the Lake of 2 Mountains too decreasing fast."

In 1836, Edward Smith writes from Fort Chipewyan: "The Fur Trade is now pressed on all sides, and can not remain long, even as it is. Our profits will decline in spite of economy. We have seen its rise to mature old age: we must now make up our minds to behold its decline."

Donald Ross takes up the sad refrain with: "The Athabasca returns were poor last year, but they are worse this season. The Beaver are utterly gone, finished, annihilated; which closes *that chapter*, and the profits of the Athabasca for ever and ever more . . . . Mackenzie's River is the only really profitable district now in the north."

Ross seems to have been Hargrave's most faithful and most longwinded correspondent. (In one place he admits that "my epistles to you swell up under my hands like a Rice Pudding—What a beautiful Simily.") But he is also one of the least formal and best informed.

Pages more could be written, of choice bits culled from these letters, and of the impressions they leave.

THE SERVICE TODAY

London Office News

On July 25, the Company had the honour of entertaining His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada to luncheon at Hudson's Bay House. The Deputy Governor acted as host and the other guests were: The Rt. Hon. Lord Wardington, Sir Campbell Stuart, Lt.-Col. J. B. P. Karslake, Captain Victor A. Cazalet, Mr. Ian P. R. Napier, Mr. H. A. Reincke.

In spite of the Governor's absence in South Africa, the staffs of Hudson's Bay House and Beaver House were fortunate enough to be invited once more for a garden party at the Governor's country house. Fortunately, the weather was excellent, and as always Mrs. Cooper was a most hospitable and charming hostess.

Fred Smith, aged 73, who, during most of his career, was engaged in sorting musquash, retired on May 10. Mr. Smith completed fifty-two years of loyal service, and had become one of the best known and most respected figures at Beaver House.

The Archives have been visited by a large number of people during the past three months, among whom were: Miss H. J. Heimann, of the Company's Vancouver office; Miss E. Crombie, Winnipeg; L. B. Pearson, Canada House, London; Dr. Burt Brown Barker, vice-president of the University of Oregon, U.S.A. Miss Helen Semple, Ithaca, U.S.A., came to obtain information about her ancestor, Governor Robert Semple. Governor Semple was formerly Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land, and died in the Seven Oaks massacre in 1816.

Miss Helen Ferguson, University of British Columbia, has been engaged since the end of June on research work in the Archives for the writing of a thesis, "The Development of Communications in Colonial British Columbia, as affected by British Interest."

Mr. F. Louis Barber, librarian of Victoria University, Toronto, also visited the Archives to obtain further information about Rev. James Evans, Wesleyan missionary at Norway House from 1840 to 1846 and his relations with Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land, and Chief Factor Donald Ross, who was in charge of Norway House district.

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

September finds the Fur Trade grappling with transportation problems, all vessels striving to complete their varied schedules and still make safe winter berths before freeze-up. The R.M.S. *Nascopie* sailed from Montreal July 9, under the accustomed command of Captain T. F. Smellie. At time of writing she is not only maintaining schedule but is some five days ahead. The Roman Catholic Mission M.F. *Therese* sailed from Montreal on the same day.

A hearty youngster is the M.S. *Fort Ross*, which sailed from that home of good ships, Lunenberg, on her maiden voyage commanded by Captain R. J. Summers on June 18, arriving Panama June 30, and docking in Vancouver July 22, a 6,601 mile voyage. She sailed for Western Arctic points via the North Pacific and Bering Sea July 27.

The Mackenzie River Transport has been having a very successful season. It is only marred by the loss of *Barge 300*, fully loaded with Western Arctic supplies. Replacements have been made, however, and everything is proceeding smoothly.

Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, visited Edmonton, Waterways, McMurray, Yellowknife, Fitzgerald and Fort Smith during June. On June 29 he left for Montreal, and sailed from there on the *Nascopie* to disembark at Churchill.

D. Robertson, Fur Trade Controller, visited Edmonton and Waterways in June for his first sight of the Mackenzie River Transport in action and his first aeroplane flight.

H. P. Warne visited Edmonton in June, and H. E. Cooper made an extended trip through eastern posts, spending some time in Montreal.

J. C. Donald attended the Ontario Fur Farmers' Course at Guelph Agricultural College, June 16 and 17.

We welcome two new members to the F.T.C.O. staff: J. W. Henley from Queen's University, Kingston, and Earle Fraser from Halifax.

Pressure of work in the depots has been particularly heavy this season in Edmonton and Winnipeg, due to the necessity for duplication of cargo lost on *Barge 300*, and in Montreal to the additional work in connection with the M.F. *Therese*.

T. Brooks, for many years in charge of the warehouse in Montreal, has retired from the service.

Robert McDowall, of Winnipeg Depot was married to Miss Maria Ross on Saturday, June 16. Congratulations.

P. C. Mehmel, of Montreal Fur Purchasing Agency, once more undertook his annual sealskin buying trip down the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He reports commercial fishing very active, and enjoying the benefits of numerous newly-erected government cold storage plants. The government is also putting through a road along the North Shore.

W. O. Douglas has been hard at it with his family of 1,500-odd young fur bearers at Bird's Hill fur farm. Mortality has unfortunately been higher than usual, due to sickness which has been general throughout local fur farms. The heavy job of tattooing each fox pup and separating mink kits is now in full swing.

The annual Hudson's Bay House Beaver Club picnic was held June 18. Once again it was a thoroughly enjoyable affair where oldsters who should know better competed with youngsters who had done too well at lunch, and amazing talent was revealed both on land and in water events.

Recent visitors to this office have included Bishop Clabaut, Charles Landau, of Landau & Cormack, and C. E. Gillham, of the United States Biological Survey.

Mackenzie River Transport

Since the opening of navigation in May an exceptionally busy season increased tonnage substantially over previous years. This was chiefly due to activities at the mining areas of Goldfields and Yellowknife. Freight receipts to the first week in August equalled the total tonnage handled for the season of 1937. This tonnage, in spite of the difficulties of low water and the consequent hazards of navigation, has been successfully moved.

The new tug M.S. *Beaver Lake* made her maiden voyage on June 19, and has been continually occupied freighting to Goldfields and Fort Fitzgerald.

A new 500-ton barge is in course of construction, to replace that of 300 tons capacity wrecked in the Mackenzie river below Fort Simpson in June. This new barge is expected to be in commission for the August trip of S.S. *Distributor*.

New conveyors and hoists installed at Waterways and Fort Smith, although not completed until the season was well advanced, have greatly assisted in the movement of heavy machinery and general merchandise.

The Fur Trade Commissioner visited Waterways, Goldfields and Yellowknife in June. P. A. Chester, General Manager, accompanied by Dr. Robertson, visited Waterways in July en route to Goldfields and other northern points. D. Robertson, Fur Trade Controller, visited Waterways in July.

The following Masters are in charge of the various vessels: S.S. *Athabasca River*, Capt. W. H. Alexander; S.S. *Northland Echo*, Capt. O. F. Browne; S.S. *Distributor*, Capt. D. B. Naylor; S.S. *McKenzie River*, Capt. D. Elyea; M.S. *Hearne Lake*, Capt. M. McDonald; M.S. *Dease Lake*, Capt. F. M. Smith; M.S. *Pelly Lake*, Capt. D. Mahood; M.S. *Beaver Lake*, Capt. S. J. Stefanson; M.T. *Liard River*, Capt. G. L. Anderson; M.T. *Canadusa*, Capt. J. S. Sefanson; M.T. *Weenusk*, Capt. W. Cowley.

In addition, four yarding boats are in operation, and eight yarding barges.

British Columbia District

We deeply regret the death of the baby daughter of A. MacPherson, district accountant of the British Columbia district. On receipt of this sad news Mr. MacPherson left immediately for Montreal. The staff's deepest sympathy is extended to the parents in their bereavement.

R. H. Trouth reports the new post building at Fort St. John near completion.

Fort St. James was honoured on July 4 by a visit from Herbert Hoover, ex-president of the United States, accompanied by Professor Wilbur H. Wright and A. Hager. The party were visiting the district on a fishing trip, and was accorded an official welcome by the Provincial member, by Mr. George Ogston, and also the Company's post manager, Norman

Henry. During the celebration Mr. Hoover was made a chief by the Stuart Lake Indians.

We wish to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. W. Glennie of McDames Creek post on the birth of a son at White Horse on June 30; also Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Kempple of Fort Grahame post on the birth of a daughter.

We welcome to the district Apprentices McKeand and Campbell. The former will be stationed at Wabasca, and the latter at Telegraph Creek.

J. O. Kimpton of F.T.C.O. relieved A. MacPherson in Edmonton during the latter's absence.

Fort Selkirk in the Yukon Territories was opened in June and White Horse post was opened during August.

J. Milne is at present on his summer inspection trip, having visited to date Fort Selkirk, White Horse, Frances Lake and posts in the Cassiar sector. Before returning to district office at the end of August he inspected the other inland posts in British Columbia. Mr. Milne was met at Telegraph Creek by J. Topping of Winnipeg, who is assisting with the inspections.

Mrs. J. Gregg left White Horse on July 4 to visit her home in Edmonton.

H. L. Woolison, lately district accountant, has severed his connection with the Company. After serving overseas, he joined the Company's service, being employed at posts, in F.P.A. work, on the Mackenzie River Transport, and in district office. Between 1929-32 he served with the R.C.A.F., rejoining the Company in 1932.

Western Arctic District

Misfortune again struck at the Western Arctic District when *Barge 300*, of the Mackenzie River Transport, bearing our supplies, struck a rock and sank near Fort Simpson. Salvage operations were begun immediately but, as there was heavy damage, all supplies on the barge were duplicated. The replacement goods were shipped on the second *Distributor*, and it is hoped that all posts will get their supplies before freeze-up.

Equipment for four new private commercial radio stations, namely: Tuktuk, Baillie Island, Bathurst Inlet, and Fort Collinson, were unfortunately lost with the main supplies for the district. As these radios were assembled in Winnipeg by S. G. L. Horner, chief wireless operator of R.M.S. *Nascopie*, who was now absent on the annual voyage, it was found impossible to fully duplicate the equipment. We were fortunate, however, in being able to obtain two sets which have now been despatched to Fort Collinson and Perry River posts, which means three of the new stations will not be opened until next summer.

Aklavik reports a fairly good ratting season in the Mackenzie Delta, and in spite of lower prices, conditions have been favourable for the trappers.

Our new *Fort Ross* sailed in ballast from Lunenburg, N.S., on June 18 and arrived at Balbao, in the Canal Zone, on June 30, covering the distance of 2,450 miles at an average speed of 8.6 knots. The master of the ship reported that the vessel proved most satisfactory under all conditions. After clearing the Panama Canal, the ship sailed on July 1 for San Pedro, covering the distance of 2,939 miles at an average speed of 9.2 knots, docking at San Pedro on July 14. Fine weather was encountered on this stage of the voyage. The *Fort Ross* then proceeded, on July 14, on the last leg of her journey from San Pedro to Vancouver, a distance of 1,170 miles. The average speed for here was only 6.9 knots, heavy head winds greatly diminishing the speed. The journey from Lunenburg via the Panama Canal to Vancouver was successfully accomplished in thirty-two days, well ahead of schedule. The total of 6,600 miles was made with an average speed of 8.5 knots. After loading cargo and obtaining the necessary clearance papers, the *Fort Ross* sailed again at 4 p.m. July 27 on the last lap of her voyage to the Arctic. A cargo of 232½ long tons is being carried into the north from Vancouver.

At the time of writing, the district manager has completed inspections of Tuktuk, Aklavik, Coppermine and Cambridge Bay posts. On July 18 he flew to Perry River, but as ice conditions were still too bad to make a landing, the plane was obliged to return to Cambridge Bay.

Mr. Kilgour will take charge of Fort Collinson post for the coming year, and will be succeeded at Baillie Island post by Mr. Rowan. There will be several other changes, especially among the junior clerks, but the difficulties of transport along the Arctic Coast call for modification of arrangements during the season, and prohibits a final staff placement until late in the summer.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

The district manager is spending the summer inspecting all posts, with perhaps the exception of those on the Liard River.

During July P. A. Chester, the general manager, visited a number of northern posts by aeroplane, accompanied by Dr. D. E. Robertson, of Toronto.

The focal point in the Northwest Territories is now Yellowknife. Thousands of tons of freight are being carried there, and buildings are springing up apace. The flag of the Hudson's Bay Company is flying there for our two-storey store is almost complete. Mr. Andrew Reid is in charge, and "Andy," assisted by Thomas Scurfield and Paul Williamson, is prepared to supply customers, many of whom are old friends from the Great Bear Lake mining field. We get many callers at the office seeking information about the new settlement. It is "new" in a modern way, but some of our callers, of an inquisitive turn of mind, are very astonished when they learn that the old Company had men and establishments in that part of the country one hundred and twenty-five years ago. But, after all, there is a lot of difference between seeking for gold and the old-time quest for fur.

Goldfields is fast becoming an urban settlement. A bank, drug stores, cinemas, electric light, beer parlour and uniformed baseball teams are shouldering out trappers and log cabins. It only needs "Ye Olde Hamburger Shoppe" to enable a local Sinclair Lewis to chronicle the doings of a northern Zenith.

Several parties of scientists have invaded the north country this year. Some are interested in zoology, some in botany, but most of them are ethnologists and anthropologists, bent upon investigating a theory that the early North American races were migrants from Asia. Writing of one party at his post for a few days in May, a manager said that while they were studying the early migration of native races from Asia to North America, he was far more concerned with the question of where his native customers had disappeared to at a time when they should have shown up to pay their debts.

The Edmonton Exhibition celebrated its sixtieth anniversary in July. It has gone a long way from its small start in the old Hudson's Bay Company fort in 1879, with prizes totalling less than $140 in value, to one of the largest Class "A" fairs in Canada.

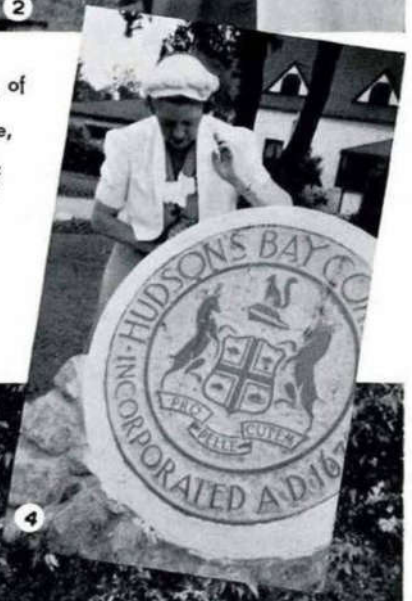
C. A. Keefer of Fort Wrigley post often includes interesting items of anthropological, historical, zoological or mythological nature in the Post Daily Journal of Events. In this way, he informs us that recently a party of American scientists passed the night at his post. While there, they questioned several residents about caves, bone deposits, and kindred subjects in which they were interested. They were greatly interested in a story told them by Arthur Hardisty, a very old resident of the place. According to Arthur, many years ago a tribe of people came across country from the South Nahanni to a place which later became the site of old Fort Wrigley. Every year about a hundred of them, men, women and children, came down the Root River in skin boats to visit Indians during the summer and departed later for their hunting grounds. These people were of a remarkable type, tall, well-built, with finely modelled features, white skin and fair hair. They dressed only in skins, deer, moose, sheep and bear, made without ornamentation. One of their number remained with the old fort Indians; the others departed that fall as usual for the mountains to the west. The man who remained settled down on what was later to become the site of Fort Simpson post. He became the great-grandfather of Arthur Hardisty, who is now an old man. The rest of the mysterious white tribe have never since been seen or heard of. According to Arthur, this happened before white men explored the Mackenzie from the south.

From the same source we derived an Indian legend for which *The Beaver* seems a fitting repository. At one time a giant lived at Wrigley, and he hunted beaver. Wrigley Rock, which towers 1,200 feet above the river was a beaver house. The rounded rock escarpment opposite the post was the place where he stretched his beaver. Further down the river he cooked his beaver, and the grease that dropped from the carcass into the fire is still burning. The giant is now sleeping in the Caribou (Franklin) Mountains, which have to be crossed to get to Fish Lakes. The fire which is still burning no doubt refers to the coal beds which have been burning beyond the memory of man on the river bank between Fort Wrigley and Fort Norman.

We were pleased to have Mrs. W. S. Carson (nee Mary Lambert) of Stony Rapids post call on us recently. Mrs. Carson told us that both her husband and herself were radio enthusiasts; they do not see very much of each other, as in their spare hours one occupies one room, the other another, communicating by code tapped out on a practice set. We shall yet see this pair of enthusiasts featured in world news as the link between a lost polar aviator and his waiting public.

Press Women at Lower Fort

The Canadian Committee's luncheon party at Lower Fort Garry for those attending the Canadian Women's Press Club triennial in Winnipeg.



1. Madge Macbeth, Ottawa, and Ishbel Ross, of New York.
2. Mabel Crews Ringland and Helen McKee, of Toronto.
3. Two smart editors—Mona Clark, of "Gossip," and Wilma Tait, of "Canadian Home Journal," both from Toronto.
4. Mrs. Ringland focuses attention on the stone engraving of the Company's armorial bearings.

5. The Winnipeg Tribune photographer caught a few of the guests and their hosts discussing historical items in the Lower Fort garden.

Formed by a group of local business men, the Peace River Airways Limited made its inaugural flight to Yellowknife early in June. Using Peace River and Fort Vermilion as their chief bases of operations, the company is making frequent trips to the northern mining field with passengers and freight. At present equipped with two Fokkers, they hope to add a large twin-motor ship to their fleet in the near future. C. C. F. Dalziel, more familiarly known as the "Flying Trapper," is pilot in chief and manager of operations.

United Air Transport have been awarded a contract for a weekly mail service between Peace River and Fort Vermilion, with Keg River and Carcajou as points of call. First flight was made on July 17.

Saskatchewan District

Short wave radio communication has now become an established fact in Saskatchewan District, and private commercial radio licenses have been issued to posts with call letters as follows: Oxford House CY8P, Little Grand Rapids CY8Q, Stanley CY8R, and Pelican Narrows CY8T. Transmitters and receivers have been installed and preliminary tests are considered satisfactory. It is anticipated that a further station will be established at Island Lake post in the near future.

The present site of Island Lake post is being abandoned and construction of a complete new trading post on a location some twelve miles distant is progressing speedily.

A new engine has been installed in the schooner *Lac du Brochet* and several other repairs and improvements carried out which have added greatly to the speed and utility of this transportation unit. The vessel can now carry fourteen to fifteen tons of freight at a speed of approximately twelve miles per hour.

Word has been received from Norway House of an outbreak of typhoid fever in the settlement. The three children of the post manager, H. A. McDonald, are quarantined as the result of a mild attack of the fever.

Our venture in undertaking to supply the United States Department of Agriculture with live woodland caribou was brought to a successful conclusion early in June, when the last of the ten animals ordered was shipped from Prince Albert to Beaudette, Minnesota. The experiment was entirely successful and undoubtedly the small remaining herd of these animals in the United States has been saved from extinction. Only one of the ten animals supplied has died since being liberated in the Beaudette refuge.

We are pleased to report that the district manager is now satisfactorily recovering from a serious indisposition which kept him away from business for several weeks. We trust that from now on his recovery will be speedy and complete.

At the time of writing, J. M. S. Macleod is still confined to hospital in Prince Albert, but recent reports as to his condition appear to be very encouraging, and it is anticipated that it will only be a very short time before he is up and around again.

Mrs. E. W. Hampton returned from an eight-months visit to the Old Country and proceeded from Winnipeg on July 4 to rejoin her husband at Oxford House post.

From all indications it would appear that at least two of our younger post managers will join the ever increasing ranks of Saskatchewan District benedicts very soon. Members of the district staff not actually "in the know" can perhaps make a pretty good guess as to the identity of the happy lads, who are no doubt expectantly visioning at least a respite from culinary efforts. Considering that we have at present three other eligible members of our staff on vacation, perhaps our intimation that only two weddings are contemplated is conservative, and it is quite possible that the next official notice will exceed the number stated.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Gourlay of South Reindeer Lake post on the birth of a son, Andrew David, at Flin Flon on July 16.

A. Harkes, manager at Clear Lake post was operated on for appendicitis at Prince Albert on July 21, and is reported to be progressing favourably.

Nelson River District

A. Macpherson, for many years district accountant, has been appointed accountant for British Columbia district at Edmonton. All the Nelson River staff wish him the best of luck.

W. E. Brown, district manager, returned to Winnipeg on June 21 after an inspection trip to Bearskin, Trout, Windigo and Cat Lake posts. He left again on July 6 for Churchill on his summer inspection, which will take in all northern posts in the district, including Igloolik, where a new post was established during the summer.

An unusually early thaw at several points on Hudson Bay, contrary to expectation, rather retarded the end of the season, as many of the natives were caught "on the land" and were unable to reach the posts with their spring hunts until open water.

The transport season opened very successfully, voyage No. 1 to York Factory being made on schedule, and voyage No. 2 to Tavane and intermediate points being completed three days ahead of time. Owing to tide conditions, trip No. 3 was made to Chesterfield Inlet and Eskimo Point instead of Severn, which will be serviced by voyage No. 4.

Much activity by mining and scientific undertakings is taking place in Hudson Bay this year, and it is anticipated that it will be maintained and increased as outside interest in the country grows. Amongst those at present actively engaged in the northern section of the district are the British Canadian Arctic Expedition, Cyril Knight Prospecting Co., Springer-Sturgeon Gold Mines and Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company.

We welcome to the district apprentices Willis and Wickware, who have been appointed to Eskimo Point and Trout Lake posts respectively, and we wish them every success in their new environment.

Wedding bells were order of the day for George Anderson and Miss Irene Timlick on June 16. After a short leave of absence, Mr. Anderson left for Churchill to take up his duties as transport agent. Mrs. Anderson will join him later in the season when they will proceed to Tavane.

On July 25, L. V. Morgan, district accountant, was married to Miss Frances Molloy of Lac du Bonnet.

A recent visitor to district office was Archdeacon Faries, who is returning to York Factory after having spent the past winter "outside."

We are glad to report that T. C. Moore, after a prolonged stay in Winnipeg General Hospital, is now considerably improved and released from hospital. He writes he is now able to enjoy an occasional hour outdoors, a real privilege after having been confined to bed for so long.

Jos. L. Ford has been taking a short merchandising course at the Winnipeg depot, before proceeding to Chesterfield Inlet. Other members of the staff who reported at district office during the early summer are: N. Gaudin, A. J. Trafford, W. E. Lyons, R. K. Muir and H. Voisey.

Superior-Huron District

Towards the end of Outfit 268 Sioux Lookout post graduated from the Fur Trade to the Small Stores Division. We wish all members of the staff at this post the best of luck in their new sphere.

Minaki has experienced another year of high water levels. Many docks and boat-houses were well under water early in the summer, but towards the end of July the water had gone down to nearly normal levels.

Miss Agnes Lohr, Lyle Holmes and G. McGuff have joined the Minaki staff for the summer season. George Morrison, of Winnipeg Depot, is also assisting there.

There has been very little prospecting activity in the Red Lake mining area this year. It is interesting to note, however, that the four producing gold mines continue to operate, while a new producer, Madsen Red Lake, is expected to commence production early in September.

The Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission is preparing to enlarge the plant at Ear Falls to supply additional power for the new producing mines in the Red Lake and Woman Lake area.

We are experiencing a fairly active tourist season at Timagami post. M. S. Cook is again back at Timagami after a very serious illness which kept him in hospital and convalescing for nearly seven months.

Staff transfers were: A. David, manager at Missanabie to assistant at Hudson; G. Maconnell, Fur Trade Commissioner's Office to bookkeeper at Timagami.

James Bay District

During the past winter living conditions have been reported much better at Belcher Islands as seals have been more plentiful. White foxes have also shown a small increase.

Apprentice R. Jeffrey, who came out by dog-team during the winter for medical attention, has fully recovered and has now returned to Great Whale River.

Treaty payments have been made within the district at all points, Dr. Tyrer, Indian agent, having made the rounds. Treaty payments are usually one of the highlights of the year insofar as the natives are concerned.

William Turner, special constable at Moosonee, and Miss Daisy Faries were recently married at Moose Factory.

We have a new log dwelling under construction at Grassy Narrows post.

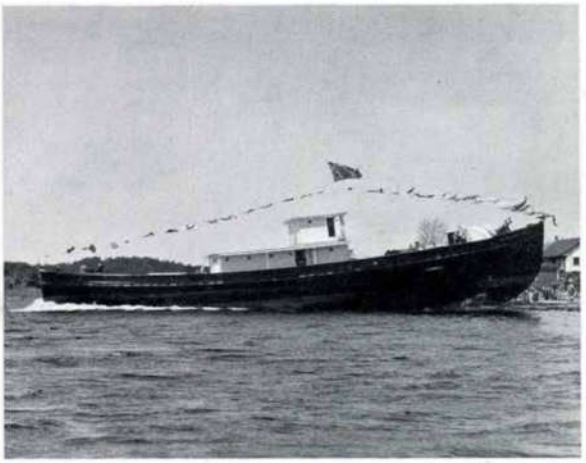
Grand Rapids on the Saskatchewan River, around which the Grand Rapids Tramway was built. It is tricky running in a canoe.

Bales of H B C "Point" Blankets for the Montreal warehouse.

The tramway is pulled by horses. The tourists are waiting to go down.

Barge 300 stranded on a rock in the Mackenzie River just above Fort Simpson. The sinking of the barge upset supply plans for the Western Arctic posts, but an entirely new set of arrangements got fresh winter stock north before freeze-up.

On the tram.



Launching of the "Fort Ross," the new Western Arctic supply ship at Daysprings, N.S.

Mrs. A. K. Black, post manager's wife at Ogoki, visited Port Arthur recently to see her parents.

R. J. Campbell, manager at Grassy Narrows post, and Miss Mary Patricia Roach were married on June 27 in All Saints Church, Winnipeg. We wish the young couple every happiness.

The M.K. *Fort Churchill* and the M.S. *Repulse*, since their launching early in June, have both been carrying out freighting operations according to schedule, with everything working very smoothly.

Premier Hepburn and Mr. Bickell visited Moose Factory by airplane July 11. The Premier discussed the possibility of closing the Moosonee section of the T. & N.O. Railway from Fraserdale to Moosonee, though it was understood that this portion of the line would not be closed for another two years at least, its ultimate future depending upon developments in the vicinity of Moosonee. A Diesel engine and light wooden coaches for transportation of passengers and freight from Cochrane to Moosonee are under consideration.

Mrs. J. L. Charlton, post manager's wife at English River, visited Winnipeg during the summer.

St. Lawrence District

J. H. A. Wilmot has completed thirty years' service and is now the proud possessor of the Company's gold medal. He is spending his two months' furlough in the Laurentian mountains and we have no doubt that on his return to duty the second thirty years will be tackled with even more pep than the first.

L. A. Graham of the Montreal Fur Trade depot transferred to the uptown office after the departure of the *Nascopie*. For the past sixteen years he has bought trade supplies for most of the posts in the eastern districts, as well as the personal requirements of the staff. He will be much missed at 100 McGill Street and by the posts' staffs, but our best wishes for his success in the future go with him in his new appointment in the Small Stores Division.

J. Fiset and H. A. Graham, managers of Barriere and Obijuan posts respectively, are at present on furlough at their homes in Quebec.

W. E. C. Tutching, clerk at Barriere, underwent a successful operation for appendicitis at St. Joseph's Hospital, Maniwaki, and later resumed duty at the post, relieving Mr. Fiset temporarily during the latter's furlough.

Former post manager J. L. Gaudet, who, since his retirement from the service, has resided at Mont Joli, P.Q., visited his brother, F. C. Gaudet, also a retired officer, at St. Lambert during July. Both were present at Shed 46 to see the *Nascopie* leave for the Arctic.

Best wishes to Walter Woollett, Dominion Skyways Senneterre pilot, who has been transferred to the Rouyn base as district superintendent.

On June 2, Honourable H. L. Auger, provincial minister of colonization, and Dr. A. Leclerc, M.P.P. for Charlevois-Saguenay, were visitors at Natashquan while on a tour covering various north shore points.

In the upper portion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the salmon catch has been small, but at eastern points the fishermen have met with fair success. Recent reports regarding the cod fishery are, however, not encouraging, and it would appear that west of Blanc Sablon there will be little improvement over previous years.

W. C. Newbury is supervising fishery plans on the north shore and has visited all points as far as Blanc Sablon.

There was considerable excitement at Mattice on the early morning of June 9, when fire completely destroyed P. Poulin's store, as well as the house of George Sutherland. The latter was able to save most of his belongings. Fortunately, the morning was calm and the fire was held in check.

Dr. Bolduc, of Senneterre, recently visited Woswonaby post on behalf of the Indian Affairs Branch to attend to the sick natives. Two Indian women were removed to hospital by air.

Mrs. H. B. Frankland returned to Seven Islands on June 11 fully recovered after her recent illness.

H. E. Cooper, merchandise manager, visited La Sarre, Senneterre, Oskelaneo and Weymontachingue posts in July, and thereafter spent a few days in Montreal at district office, the depot and uptown office.

J. L. Black attended the training school at Winnipeg and has now returned to the district, having been assigned to Seven Islands as apprentice.

The M.V. *Manicougan*, which plied between Rimouski and Bersimis, was recently burned at Pointe Lebel.

The Weymontachingue post diary contains the following entry: "A story goes around that Daniel Laloche narrowly escaped being killed by bears when setting the traps the other day. He had only one cartridge in his rifle when he came unexpectedly upon two bears. The male bear attacked Daniel, who used his only cartridge to fell the bear at his feet. He then took to his heels and ran to the lake—a mile away—with the female bear at his heels."

Labrador District

J. E. Keats, manager of North West River post, who spent a week at district office, left for England early in July, where he will spend his furlough.

S. G. Ford called to see us during his visit to Newfoundland.

The *Fort Garry* is now making her Ungava Bay trip and arrived at Port Burwell July 20. The district manager is taking passage by her to Ungava Bay posts.

Stewart Boa, of the Dominion Ammunition Company, was a visitor at district office recently.

J. Maurice of the London Office arrived from England in July with R. B. Job, of Job Brothers & Company.

We welcome Apprentices L. Moore and H. W. Wood to the district. They took passage by the M.S. *Fort Garry* on her first voyage north this season.

Very little difficulty has been experienced in navigation on the Labrador this season and the *Fort Garry* at present is up to schedule.

A good cod fishery is reported from all sections of the coast as far north as Hopedale.

Ungava District

At ten on the morning of Saturday, July 9, 1938, with a large crowd of spectators waving farewell, the Hudson's Bay Company's R.M.S. *Nascopie* cast off from Shed 46 Montreal wharf, and the 269th voyage "Trading into Hudson's Bay" became a reality. Captain T. F. Smellie, veteran of the Arctic, was again in command while S. Thomas made another voyage as chief engineer. The Fur Trade Commissioner, Ralph Parsons, inspected all Labrador and Ungava district posts visited by the supply ship and left us at Churchill to return to head office in Winnipeg.

Major D. L. McKeand, another Arctic veteran, is again in charge of the Eastern Arctic Patrol and in his official party he has Mrs. E. W. Grange as historian; Dr. K.F. Rogers, medical officer; D.A. Nichols, physiographer; F. R. E. Sparks, post master; T. M. Shortt, ornithologist; F. H. Varley, artist; and J. J. Bildfell, special investigator. During the voyage to Churchill we greatly enjoyed lectures by D. A. Nichols on geology, T. M. Shortt on ornithology, and by Dr. K. F. Rogers on medical subjects of interest to laymen.

As the officer commanding did not join the *Nascopie* until Churchill, Corporal W. C. Didsworth was in charge of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police party consisting of Corporal McBeth, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Hamilton, and Constables H. H. McLeod and W. Taylor. Mrs. Weston also sailed in the *Nascopie* from Montreal to join her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Weston in charge of the Port Harrison detachment.

The Right Rev. A. L. Fleming, Anglican Bishop of the Arctic, was a passenger on the 269th voyage, calling at and inspecting the various missions on the voyage. While these notes are being written at Churchill, Manitoba, Bishop Fleming has departed by Canadian Airways plane to visit Nonala, Eskimo Point, Tavane and Baker Lake before rejoining the *Nascopie* at Chesterfield.

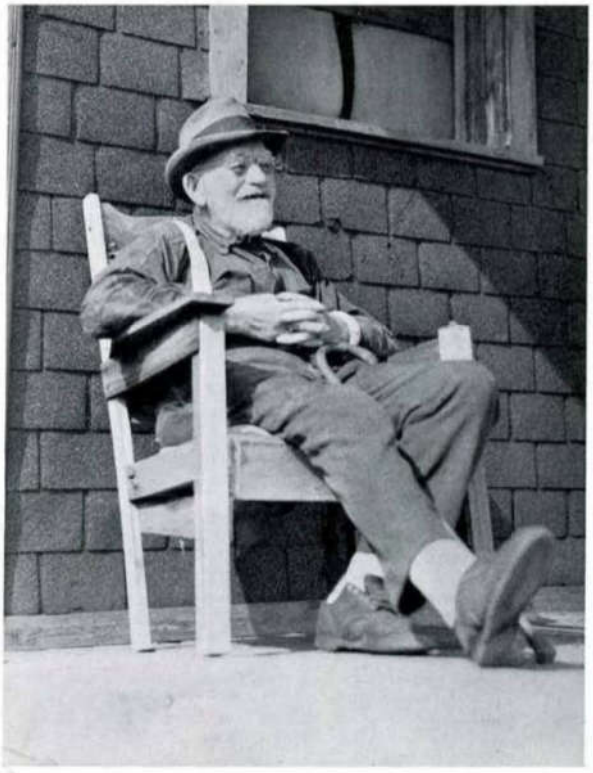
In addition to Pursers A. H. Snow and A. F. Wilson, the official Ungava District party included District Accountant C. H. J. Winter who makes the round trip; Post Managers L. Coates, S. G. Ford, M. L. Manning and J. M. Stanners who are returning from furlough. Post Manager E. H. Riddell is also returning from furlough but comes to us from Western Arctic District to take charge of Port Burwell Post. J. N. S. Buchan goes to be assistant at Cape Dorset, while Apprentice J. R. Heslop, a recent graduate from the Winnipeg Training School, goes to start his fur trade career at Fort McKenzie where he will be assistant and radio operator. Miss Evelyn Cope sailed with us from Montreal to be the bride of Post Manager D. A. Wilderspin and Mrs. Mary Shaw to be the bride of Post Manager W. E. Swaffield. Other passengers included Miss D. Boehmer of Oneida, New York; B. Breedin, New Jersey; Miss E. H. Craven, Pennsylvania; Miss L. Ford and Miss H. Studt of Detroit; Miss E. W. Jackson of Montreal; Mrs. and Miss Nason of Medford, Oregon, and D. Nelson, of Chicago. S. C. Knapp, formerly of the Ungava District staff and now studying art in Toronto, went north to undertake further studies and work on Arctic subjects.

The Roman Catholic Mission motor vessel M.T. *Therese*, Captain Cox, Master, sailed from Montreal at the same time as R.M.S. *Nascopie*. We passed her in the St. Lawrence River but she in turn passed us while we were in Hebron and we did not see her again until our arrival in Churchill. At the time of writing she is loading in Churchill and is scheduled to sail at an

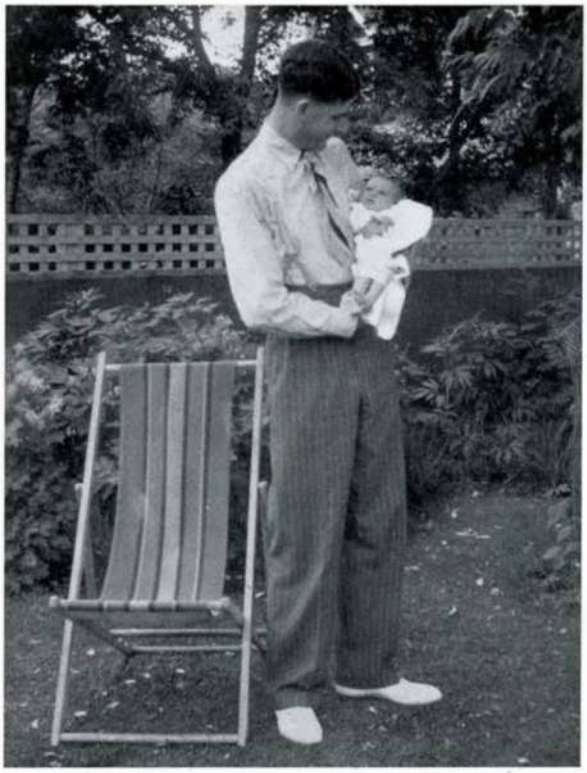
John Ell, H B C Eskimo of Southampton Island, wearing his King's Jubilee Medal.

Eskimo boy learning to build a scientific igloo.

Corporal Kerr, R.C.M.P., with H B C Apprentice Dixon, at Chesterfield.



James Miller, H B C pensioner, formerly of Metagami, now a resident of Gogama, Ontario.



Harry E. MacKenzie, assistant merchandise manager of the Saskatoon store, with his newest treasure.

early date for Chesterfield and points north as far as Igloolik. Father Gerrard, we understand, accompanies the M.F. *Therese* on the round trip.

Hebron Harbour was reached on July 15 and Ungava Bay cargo was transferred into the M.S. *Fort Garry* (Captain Dawe). As in 1937, we received a warm welcome at Hebron, the Eskimo brass band, under the direction of Rev. George Harp, circling the *Nascopie* in the Mission motor boat as she steamed in to anchor, and playing suitable selections. Corporal Mercer, of the Newfoundland Rangers, came on board to conduct the customary customs business and, while freight was being transferred, Chief Wireless Operator Horner, assisted by the ship's carpenter, erected the H B C Private Commercial Station VOWB, Hebron. District Manager S. H. Parsons, of Labrador District, joined the *Nascopie* at Hebron and left us at Port Burwell where he went into Ungava Bay in the M.B. *Koksoak* to inspect the various posts. He waited at Fort Chimo to join the *Fort Garry* and then went on to inspect Payne Bay and Diana Bay before returning to his own district.

Port Burwell was reached on the 17th and we took on board Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith for Churchill, Apprentices J. W. Bruce and A. Stevenson for other posts in the district. We had for visitors at Port Burwell Post Managers D. A. Wilderspin of Fort Chimo, Chas. Stephen of Fort McKenzie and P. A. C. Nichols of Port Burwell and Rev. and Mrs. Wenham. At noon on the eighteenth an interesting wedding took place on the bridge deck of the *Nascopie* while she was at anchor in Port Burwell. With the Bishop of the Arctic officiating, Miss Evelyn Cope of Russell, Manitoba, was united in marriage to Post Manager D. A. Wilderspin of Fort Chimo. Mrs. Weston was matron of honor, Post Manager Charles Stephen was best man and Captain T. F. Smellie gave the bride in marriage. The ceremony had a very pretty setting and was witnessed by most of the ship's company. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding reception was held in the saloon and, all too soon, it was time for good-byes and the *Nascopie* sailed away from Port Burwell 3.30 p.m. on July 18. Mr. and Mrs. Wilderspin remained at Port Burwell to join the *Fort Garry* for Fort Chimo.

A considerable amount of ice was met on the voyage from Port Burwell to Lake Harbour and the *Nascopie* made slow headway on one or two occasions. During the afternoon of the 19th, while most of the passengers were in the saloon, the cry went around "Polar Bears!" Immediately there was a rush for the rail and there, sure enough, Captain Smellie was taking us right up to visit a mother polar bear with two cubs having lunch from a dead walrus on a pan of ice. It was a pretty picture to say the least, but as we came closer the mother bear took to the water with the two cubs following her, swimming for all they were worth. Gradually the *Nascopie* overtook them and, when she saw that she could not outdistance the *Nascopie* the mother bear doubled back and jumped on to a pan of ice close by the side of the ship. As soon as the mother bear saw the two cubs safely on the ice, away she galloped with her offspring at her heels till, suddenly, Captain Smellie gave a small "toot" on the siren and it was most amusing to see the mother bear turn round with such a surprised look to see what it was all about. But her halt was only momentary, for she again galloped away over the ice and into the water, followed by her cubs and was soon lost to sight. The whole incident was most exciting and there was much clicking of cameras.

Eskimo Pilot Novalia came on board at 1.30 a.m. on July 20 and at six we anchored at Lake Harbour. We had visits from Post Manager J. Bell of Lake Harbour and Post Manager J. G. Cormack of Frobisher Bay, also Rev. Mr. Neilson of the Anglican Mission and Lance-Corporal Turner and Constable Fitzrandolph of the R.C.M.P. The latter joined us for parts unknown while Constable Taylor remained to take his place. While at Lake Harbour, Eskimo sports were organized by Captain Smellie for the entertainment of the passengers and these were attended by the Fur Trade Commissioner.

Stupart's Bay Post was reached 4 p.m. on July 21 and here we left Post Manager M. L. Manning to succeed T. C. Carmichael who, with Mrs. Carmichael and son, will go out by the M.F. *Therese* this fall. Post Manager L. Coates also left us to take charge of Diana Bay Post, while Apprentice N. M. Roberts came on board, bound for Povungnetuk. At the Roman Catholic Mission we found Father Fafard and his assistant in good health and, after an inspection of the post by the Fur Trade Commissioner, we sailed at nine on the morning of the 22nd and arrived at Sugluk 11 p.m. the same day. Post Manager L. A. Hodgson was found in good health and spirits. The inspection of the post and the handling of cargo did not unduly detain us so that we were able to sail away on the evening of the 23rd to arrive at Cape Dorset on the 24th. Here we anchored for two days where work was commenced on the erection of a new dwelling for the manager. All hands were at work on this building so that before we sailed the foundations were laid, the walls up, and the roof rafters on. Post Manager Chesley Russell with his Eskimo carpenters will have no difficulty in finishing the dwelling before winter sets in. J. N. S. Buchan remained at Cape Dorset, replacing Apprentice H. B. Figgures who will travel by local boat to Lake Harbour to be assistant to Post Manager J. Bell.

Anchor was dropped at Wolstenholme at 3.30 p.m. on July 26 and, after the usual ship-time activities, Post Manager A. T. Swaffield and Apprentice I. C. M. Smith were left to hold the fort for another winter. On the 28th, off Southampton Island, we were met by Post Manager E. B. Maurice and Eskimo Pilot John Ell who took us into our anchorage. Work at Southampton Island completed, we sailed reaching Cape Smith 11 a.m. Saturday the 30th July. The work of discharging cargo was commenced immediately but by nine in the evening rain and a rising gale put a stop to it. By two the morning of Sunday, July 31, the gale had increased in force and Captain Smellie weighed anchor and stood out to sea. The gale increased in force until about noon on Sunday when it commenced to moderate, enabling us to return to our anchorage at 4.15 p.m. when the work of discharging cargo was completed, sailing at 11.30 p.m. July 31. We left ashore Apprentice A. Stevenson while Mrs. Webster, wife of Post Manager Gordon Webster, joined the *Nascopie* for Churchill. Mrs. Webster will proceed to Montreal there to join her mother for the voyage home to Scotland.

R.M.S. *Nascopie* dropped anchor in Port Harrison 5 a.m. August the second. Here Apprentice B. D. Campbell and W. J. G. Ford joined the *Nascopie* while Apprentices J. W. Bruce and N. M. Roberts went ashore, the former to be stationed at Port Harrison and the latter at Povungnetuk. We were visited on board by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Fraser and Mr. and Mrs. Melton of Povungnetuk and Rev. and Mrs. Turner of the Anglican Mission. On Wednesday the third, Bishop Fleming conducted a memorial service at the grave of the late Constable Boorman, attended by all members of the R.C.M.P. and a number of the passengers. Later Captain Smellie took the passengers for a picnic while in the afternoon Eskimo sports were enjoyed by all. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police Detachment at Port Harrison was closed down and therefore Lieutenant-Colonel Weston and Constable Watkins, with their Peterhead motor boat, dogs, goods and chattels were loaded on the *Nascopie* bound for the west coast of Hudson Bay. Messrs. Crowell and Tambling of the Government Radio Station VAL at Port Harrison were found to be in good health and waiting to be relieved by the *Ocean Eagle* in September.

We sailed from Port Harrison 4.30 a.m. on the fourth of August docking at Churchill, Manitoba, 7 a.m. on the sixth, after a very fine run across Hudson Bay. Bunkering was immediately commenced and, at the time of writing, plans are laid for sailing from Churchill at noon on August 8. Meanwhile an excursion was arranged for the passengers to Fort Prince of Wales and a dance took place at Churchill in the evening.

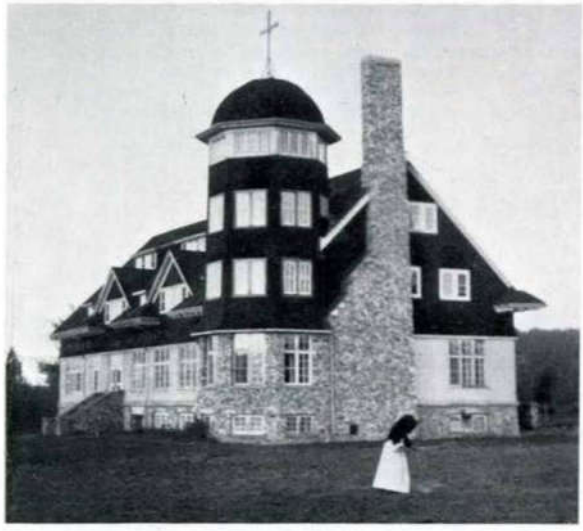
Thus far on the voyage Chief Radio Operator Horner has erected Private Commercial Radio Stations VOWB at Hebron, CY7Q at Lake Harbour, CY7R at Stupart's Bay, CY7P at Wolstenholme and CY7M at Southampton Island.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL

Apprentice classes for 1938 commenced in January with eight young men recruited for the Fur Trade from Manitoba and Saskatchewan. They had a three-month course, and at the end of March seven apprentices graduated and were assigned to posts. After a gap of a week, a further twelve young men chosen from Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta entered the second and final class of the year. The same training was repeated, and by the end of June all had successfully graduated and left for their posts.

This completes the second year of operation of the Winnipeg training school with thirty-eight apprentices graduated and placed at posts. Established as an experiment last year, the school is already a valuable asset to the Fur Trade. Recent reports from managers dealing with apprentices assigned to their posts indicate an encouraging interest in the school on the part of post managers. Based on experience with each succeeding class, subjects and schedules are being continually improved and adjusted in an effort to

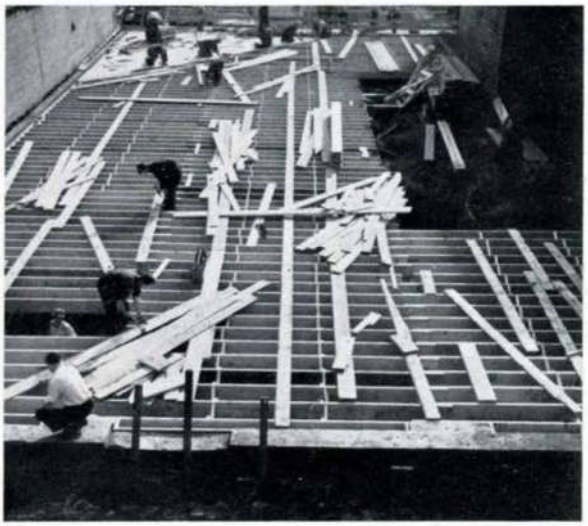
The original house occupied by Lord Strathcona at Mingan.



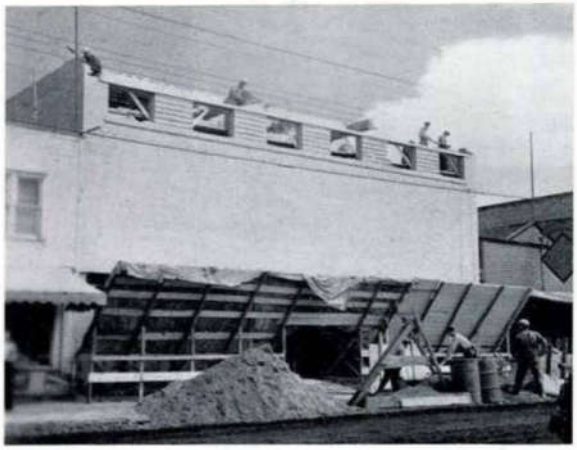
Roman Catholic hospital at Lac la Biche. Picture by I. Telmer.

Roman Catholic hospital "Ste. Therese" at Chesterfield, where the sick priest Father Cochard was flown by Rev. Paul Schulte, crack pilot of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Father Schulte founded the Missionary Communications Association with its Latin motto: "Toward Christ by land and sea and in the air." His rescue of the sick priest was aided by Hudson's Bay men and Company wireless stations.

Flin Flon children enjoy the novelty of sand dumped for the building of the Company's new Flin Flon store.



Preparing the ground floor of the Flin Flon store. Flin Flon people did not like "Fortune" calling their new home town "a boisterous shout in the wilderness."



Flin Flon store front which has been completed since this picture was taken in the summer.

bring instruction to the highest degree of efficiency and usefulness.

The apprentice course includes fur grading, merchandising, accounts, radio, telegraphy, first aid, carpentry, mechanics, meteorology, Hudson's Bay Company history, and general northern knowledge. Fur grading is demonstrated with actual skins; purchasing tariffs are employed, and buying practised to stimulate interest. Apart from the tests throughout the term, regular examinations are conducted at the end of the session.

Merchandising is probably the most popular subject on the curriculum. There are discussions and lectures on all phases. Window and shelf displays provide a wide field for self-expression and the exercise of the imagination, and some remarkably good displays have been made by the students. Salesmanship and store management training are practised in the model store operated in conjunction with the school. Each student is given entire charge of the store for at least a week, when he is responsible for sales, handling of cash, display, cleanliness of the store, and accounts. He has complete jurisdiction over the other members of the class while occupied in the store. The aspects of merchandising covered include department layouts, related lines, displays, salesmanship, advertising, depreciation, stock control, price lines, inventories and buying. Here, too, final exams are conducted at the close of the session on the theory and practice of each phase of the subject.

Progress in accounting knowledge has been marked, average percentages gained in tests being around 85%, both in elementary and post accounts. Elementary accounts are taught for the first month of training and the necessary examinations held. This takes the student to the point where he is ready to apply knowledge gained to the Fur Trade system of accounts. For the remaining two months the entire system with its statements and forms is explained with interim and final tests.

Radio telegraphy instruction is by S. G. L. Horner, chief wireless operator of the R.M.S. *Nascopie*. More time has been spent on the subject this year and results have justified it. Students are carefully rated during the first month of the course, and any showing unusual ability are segregated for special coaching for the remainder of the session. A short course in meteorology is taught as part of the wireless course in an effort to secure well trained radio and meteorology men to handle the weather stations now being established by the department of transport in northern posts. Special weather instruments have been installed on the roof of Hudson's Bay House for demonstration purposes, and the classes are coached by D. C. Archibald.

Each carpentry class builds a model house 10x8 complete to the last detail with insulation, asbestos chimney, and electric wiring. Part of the carpentry period is given to making useful articles of furniture, each student selecting his own job.

First aid instruction was undertaken again this year by the St. John Ambulance Corps under the supervision of Dr. John H. R. Bond. Eighty per cent. secured their St. John Ambulance certificates.

A short course in mechanics covered lighting plants and outboard motors.

Half-hour talks were given on general northern subjects by district managers and others qualified through many years' experience in the wilds.

Short refresher courses are held for post managers coming to Winnipeg on business or on furlough. These consist mainly of short fur grading courses and discussions on merchandising problems of individual posts. Conducted visits to the Winnipeg retail store and to various factories are also included as time permits, likewise radio and telegraphy.

Graduates of the training school are now scattered from Quebec to British Columbia and in both the Eastern and Western Arctic. Their progress is being watched with closest interest.

STAFF CHANGES

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
J. W. Forrest	Babine	Fort Selkirk
H. C. Borbridge	Keg River	Furlough
W. J. Clarke	Little Red River Outpost	Keg River
M. McKeand	Training School, Winnipeg	Wabasca
D. Campbell	Training School, Winnipeg	Telegraph Creek

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

W. M. I. Skinner	Manager, Fort Norman	Manager, Fort Resolution
McD. C. Watson	Clerk, Fort Smith	Manager, Nelson Forks
J. M. Ross	Apprentice, Fort Simpson	Manager, Snowdrift
D. Forsyth	Manager, Fort Nelson	F.T.C.O.
J. C. Lineham	Training School, Winnipeg	Apprentice, Fort Norman
W. R. Garbutt	Furlough	Manager, Fort Nelson
Thomas Scurfield	F.T.C.O.	Assistant, Yellowknife
Andrew Reid	Manager, Fort Dease	Manager, Yellowknife
P. G. Williamson	Apprentice, Portage la Loche	Apprentice, Yellowknife
S. A. Keighley	Manager, Portage la Loche	Resigned
P. J. Power	Re-engagement	Manager, Portage la Loche
I. R. Eklund	Apprentice, Fort McPherson	Apprentice, Fort Simpson
J. K. Schurer	Apprentice, Arctic Red River	Resigned
George Gardner	Apprentice, Fort Fitzgerald	Apprentice, Fort Smith
J. T. Rayside	Training School, Winnipeg	Appren., Fort Chipewyan
J. C. Craig	Manager, Hay River	Manager, Fort Norman
R. E. Howell	Clerk, Fort Providence	Manager, Hay River
W. G. McKinnon	Manager, Snowdrift	Manager, Fort Providence
T. W. Fraser	Apprentice, Fort McMurray	Apprentice, Fort Smith
S. F. Dean	Apprentice, Fort Rae	Appren., Fort Resolution
W. Wraight	Clerk, Pine River	Manager, Fort Wrigley
W. L. D. Smith	Apprentice, Fort Norman	Appren., Fort McPherson
George West	Manager, Nelson Forks	Manager, Fort Dease
W. Black	Apprentice, Fort Chipewyan	Appren., Fort McMurray
L. A. C. O. Hunt	Manager, Fort Simpson	Resigned

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

W. A. Buhr	Appren., Norway House Post	Berens River Post
J. Cruden	Apprentice, Berens River	Norway House
A. Grey	Outpost Manager, Misty Lake Outpost	Manager, Stanley
R. Millard	Apprentice, Stanley	Relief Manager, South Reindeer Lake
D. R. Sheffield	Apprentice, Oxford House	Little Grand Rapids
C. A. Nelson	Appren., Little Grand Rapids	Oxford House
W. Davidson	Clerk, Souris River	Relief Mgr., Nueltin Lake
W. T. Clarke	Manager, Gisipigmack	Relief Manager, God's Lake
C. E. Hamilton	Manager, God's Lake	Furlough
C. McArthur	Outpost Manager, Wollaston Lake Outpost	Furlough
G. Anderson	Rel. Mgr., Little Grand Rapids	Nelson River District

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT—Continued

Name	From	To
J. Stewart	Manager, Furlough	Little Grand Rapids
J. Goldie	Clerk, Lac La Ronge	Island Falls Outpost
K. C. Roseborough	Manager, Deer Lake	Retired
H. R. Thom	Winnipeg	Clerk, Deer Lake
J. Lawrie	Clerk, Deer Lake	Manager, Deer Lake
J. W. Law	Outpost Manager, Cree Lake Outpost	Furlough
J. R. McMurchy	Relief Manager, Stanley	Winnipeg
D. P. Gourlay	Manager, South Reindeer Lake	Furlough
F. Schweder	Manager, Nueltin Lake	Furlough

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

A. Macpherson	Accountant, Nelson River Dist.	British Columbia District
L. M. V. Morgan	F.T.C.O.	Nelson River District
A. Mackintosh	Manager, Trout Lake	Furlough
A. McKinley	Manager, Severn	Manager, Trout Lake
J. E. J. Wilson	Clerk, Nelson House	Manager, Severn
H. Voisey	Clerk, Repulse Bay	Furlough
W. E. Lyons	Manager, Nonala	Furlough
A. J. Trafford	Clerk, Eskimo Point	Furlough
Geo. Anderson	Saskatchewan District	Transport Agent, Nelson River District
R. K. Muir	Manager, Sand Lake C.T.	Furlough
J. L. Ford	Furlough	Manager, Chesterfield Inlet

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

R. J. Campbell	Manager, Grassy Narrows	Furlough
R. Gordon	Manager, Furlough	Manager, Albany
E. V. Lee	Apprentice Clerk, Osnaburgh	Relieving, Grassy Narrows
W. R. Kell	Appr. Clk., Lansdowne House	Manager, Ghost River O.P.
F. K. Griffin	Manager, Ghost River	Relieving, Grassy Narrows
J. S. C. Watt	Consignments, Toronto	Post and Beaver Sanctuaries Mgr., Rupert's Hse.
R. M. Duncan	Manager, Rupert's House	Manager, Lac Seul
L. O. Bastow	Manager, Lac Seul	Mgr., Lansdowne House

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

J. L. Black	Training School, Winnipeg	Seven Islands
R. Jarnet	Seven Islands	Romaine
H. Haynes	Natashquan	Mutton Bay
J. Payne	Mutton Bay	Blanc Sablon
H. R. Cummings	Grand Lac	Senneterre
J. Fiset	Barriere	Furlough
P. Letellier	Senneterre	Mattice
H. A. Graham	Obijuan	Furlough
R. A. de Denus	Mattice	Obijuan

The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, and the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited.

Apprentices in the Fur Trade training school at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, build a model post.

Apprentices in a fur grading class.

Learning how to operate a radio station.

Apprentices in the Training School store.

Graduating Class, 1938 (July): Left to right, standing, M. H. McKeand, J. R. Heslop, R. J. Wickware, E. Duxbury, J. T. Rayside, D. G. Willis, Q. H. Hansen, J. Bereziuk; seated, A. C. Ross, D. G. Campbell, J. Runcie, manager: R. H. G. Bonnycastle, acting personnel manager: S. G. L. Horner, radio operator: J. C. Lineham, J. L. Black.

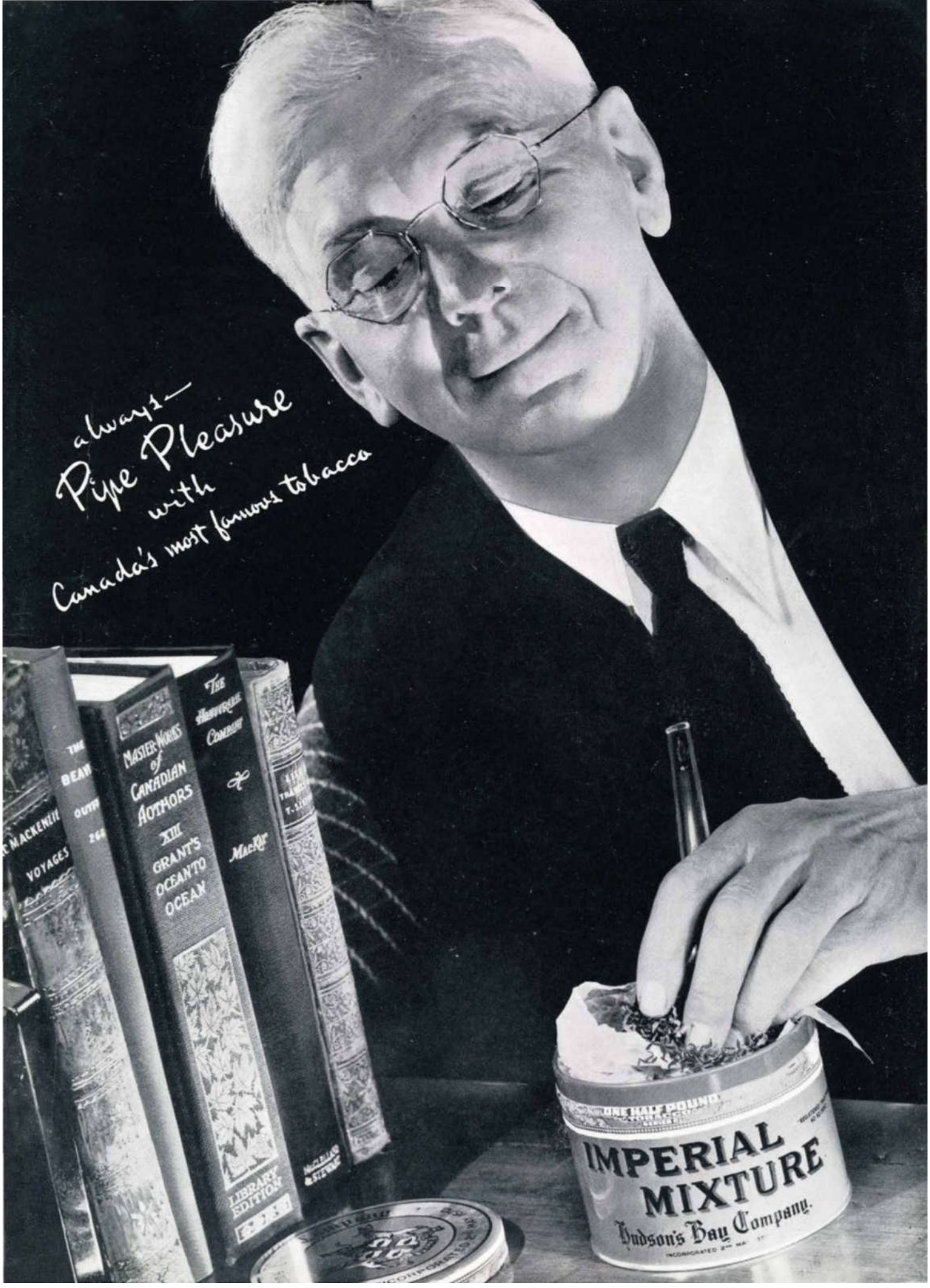
THREE STEPS IN THE LONG TRAIL OF FASHION

Eskimo helpers at Port Harrison pile white foxes into a fur press.

Tightening the bale.

Apprentice B. D. Campbell (who shot two of these pictures) stitches the bale firmly for the next stage of its journey to London.

The Brief History of the Hudson's Bay Company has been revised and attractively re-printed. Copies are available for 15 cents on application to "The Beaver" office, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, Canada.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